THE TIGER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1910.

THE TIGER

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL

of

MECHANICAL ARTS

Vol. VIII No. II

DECEMBER, 1910

SAN FRANCISCO

The Winning Team of the Championship A. A. L. Football Game.

Top Row—A. Kahrt, A. Wetmore, F. Westphal, A. Wynne, P. Wetmore (Capt.), V. Chapman. H. Trevor, E. Rust, L. Litchfield (Mgr.).
Middle Row—W. Young, T. Clark, O. Hollingberry, F. House, H. Woods, J. Neuhaus, G. Laughlin.
Bottom Row—O. Barker, A. Stuhr, F. Taggart, L. Rankin, B. Nash, G. Heyneman, M. Cowen.

Coach Sid Holman.

To
Our Football Team
of 1910
Winners of the A. A. L.
Championship Game
of the Year
This Volume is Dedicated

Sedric's Tale

Soft, silvery, sweet from above,
The first clear chords of the harp
Floated adown the wide halls;
More sharply the master of old
Then smote the loved strings and a sound
Moaning like wind in the trees,
Echoed, flung back by the walls.
Enchanted, the revelers paused.
On the hearth, Yule-logs crackled and roared,
Storm-winds sobbed at the windows without,
And the notes, ever swelling in song,
Poured forth from the soul of the bard,
Then softened and ceasing abruptly,
Gave place to the words of the bard.

And the master spoke:
"The Christmas star was hidden
By the whirling, blinding snow,
When to the revels we were bidden
Full seventy years ago.
But we in the hall were jolly,
And built a roaring fire,
That glanced and gleamed on the holly
And climbed ever higher and higher.
The viols and violins sang,
Throbbingly through the halls;
Our laughing voices rang
And echoed from the walls.
The gray old armor gleamed
And flashed with rosy light;
And dull old tapestries seemed
Alive as they do to-night.
We ceased a moment our song,
Quaffing the spicy ale,
Waiting for bells to ring,
Which, Christmas day would hail.
Then we heard with a start sad moans,
Seemingly borne by the wind,
And a haunting harp's wild tones;
Then the voice of the lord, full kind,
'Open the doors and call
The wanderer, our fire to share.'
We did, and this harp was all
We found; and no other was there.
We bore this strange harp within;
Carved thereon was the name
'Olaf.' 'Sedric's strange kin,
Can it be?' mused the lord as he came
And stroked my flaxen hair.
I twanged an icy string,
But no melody was there,
No notes in our ears did ring.
So they hung the harp on the wall;
And only at Christmas time,
Will the sweet notes from it fall
To mingle with Christmas chimes—
And the clang and clash of the bells.
In the soul of the harp there dwells
The soul of Olaf; when the wild music swells
'Tis only the voice of Olaf, who his story tells.
And ever at Christmas time
I hear, with a start, sad moans,
Borne along the wind
And a haunting harp's wild tones.
List! do you hear the moans?"

CATHERINE BOYLE, '12.

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Little Nell

CHARACTERS.

NELL.
MR. LEWIS—Nell's father.
MR. HALL—Manager of a factory.
MRS. HALL—The wife of Mr. Hall.
FRANCIS—Child of Mr. and Mrs. Hall.
Citizens.

ACT I.

Place—Nell's home, New York.
Time—The day before Christmas.

NELL (crying)—I guess they don't give dolls with pretty dresses, and nice boxes of candy to a poor little girl like me. I wonder why Santa doesn't bring toys to me? I'm just as good as any little girl. Oh, if I could just have a little doll with a pretty pink dress! Then I'd throw away this old rag doll. She has such a dirty face. And look at her feet. Oh, so dirty! And only one arm. That's Towser's fault. When he pulled it off, Dolly didn't cry; not even a wee bit. She is so good. She keeps me company when I am so unhappy. How cold it's getting and I am so hungry. I wish papa would come. Oh, I forgot. There is a piece of bread under the box on the shelf. I saw papa put it there. He didn't know I was looking. I'll just take one bite and he won't know the difference. Oh, how good it tastes! I wish I could have the whole piece. I'm so hungry! Dolly, don't you want a bite? Now, just a little piece. Open your mouth and take a bite. Dolly, do you hear? Open your mouth. You are so stubborn. You never want to eat. Hark! Here comes some one up the stairs. I'd better put this away, for it may be papa.

Enter Nellie's father.

(He sits down at table.)

MR. LEWIS—Ah, there is no use. I can't get any. I can't get any—not even a cent. I have tried and I have failed. The world seems to be against me. Because I haven't a cent they shun me. Gold, silver—that's all this world is made of. That's all people live for. That's all they think of. Men will lie, cheat, steal and even kill if they can but make a cent. Ah, this horrid city! If I could but get away from it. If I could go out into the land of sunshine, the land of flowers—out where the birds sing in the beautiful meadows. Out

where the hillsides are covered with grass so green and flowers so beautiful. That is where I could be happy.

(Lowers his head into his arms upon the table and sobs.)

NELL—Father, why do you weep? Tell me. What is the trouble?

MR. LEWIS—Nell, you're the best little girl that ever lived. You're too good to be my little girl. You look just like your dear mother up in heaven; up where the angels are.

NELL—Papa, is that where the snow comes from? Oh, it must be so cold there! Do you think that mama is cold?

MR. LEWIS—No, dear, she is not cold.

(Mr. Lewis aside—Oh, how I hate to tell her, but I must, I must!)

Nell, you must leave your little bed of straw now and go out into the cold night and beg for something to eat. You will be cold, but you must go, for you are starving here. Go up to some rich person's house and ask them if you can have something to eat and a place to sleep. Tell them your mother is dead.

NELL—But why can't I stay here? It is warmer here than on the streets, father.

MR. LEWIS—It is warmer, Nellie, but there is nothing for us to eat. If you stay here you will starve.

NELL—But, father! You can get something to eat, can't you?

MR. LEWIS—No, Nell. I have been trying to get work for the last week, but when I ask people if there is anything I can do to earn a little money, they turn me away and sic the dogs on me. When I walk about the streets, the boys stone me. When I beg for food, they say I can earn my own living. Oh! world of misery! Why is it that you keep me waiting? Why is it that you hang the golden metal on a branch that is too high for me to reach? At times you seem to put it within my reach, but when I strive to clutch it in my hand it fades away.

NELL—What do you mean, father, by a golden metal?

MR. LEWIS—Ah, little Nell, it makes my heart ache to think of it. It brings back to my mind those days when the sun cast no shadows over my head —when I had a great chance in the world. I worked in my little shop here the whole day long. Working on that huge machine that lies on the floor in the corner. I often thought of the days that would soon come and bring me a great fortune. The days rolled by and your sister, Dorothea, would play about my bench. Your mother held you in her arms when she came into the shop, to watch me work and to keep me company. But one day those joys came to an end. Your mother died and left you and Dorothea for me to care for, while I worked. Shortly afterwards, misfortune came and I lost what money I had. Dorothea was old enough to work, so she found employment in a factory. In a short time she disappeared and I have never seen her since. Where she has gone I know not, but I pray that she will come back again.

NELL—Don't cry, papa. We will see her again some day. You eat this piece of bread and I will go and beg for more. They surely will give a little girl like me something to eat. (Exit.)

MR. LEWIS—Bless her little heart. She is just the image of her mother. If I could only have a few cents to buy her a little doll for Christmas. How happy she would be. Money. Yes, I need just a small amount. Then I would be able to get my patent and sell my invention. But where can I get it? Shall I steal it? Yes, I must! I must! I will,—I will; I'll steal, I say. I can't help it. I'll steal! (Exit.)

ACT II.

Place—A street.

Time—Eight o'clock Christmas Eve.

FIRST CITIZEN—What a dreadful night this is.

SECOND CITIZEN—And how the lightning flashes.

FIRST CITIZEN—Yes, and how it thunders. It sounds as though the clouds, being angry at each other, were having a terrible battle in the heavens.

SECOND CITIZEN—In olden days, on a night like this, people would think the gods were having a most terrible battle.

FIRST CITIZEN—Ah ha! It has begun to snow again.

SECOND CITIZEN—Not many people on the streets to-night. I guess it's too cold.

FIRST CITIZEN—Of course not. Every father takes off the part of Santa Claus to-night.

SECOND CITIZEN—Listen to the music. Somebody is having a fine time.

FIRST CITIZEN—Sure. The kids call this the best night in the year.

SECOND CITIZEN—Hello! What's this?

FIRST CITIZEN—O just a little kid who hasn't any parents. See lots of 'em in New York.

SECOND CITIZEN—Come, let us see what we can do for it.

FIRST CITIZEN—Ah, what's the use. If you stop for a little thing like that you will stop on every block.

SECOND CITIZEN—But the child may be starving.

FIRST CITIZEN—It ain't my fault.

NELL—Can't you give me a little money? I'm awful cold and hungry.

FIRST CITIZEN—No, I have no money for little beggars. You better go home where you belong.

SECOND CITIZEN—Here, little girl, take this nickel. I haven't got much, but you can have what I've got.

NELL—Oh, thank you, sir. You are awfully good.

FIRST CITIZEN—What did you give that kid a nickel for? You could buy a beer on that.

SECOND CITIZEN—It's none of your business, is it? (Exit.)

NELL—Oh, how cold it is to-night. I can hardly move. I think I hear some music, but I don't know where it comes from. It may be the angels up in heaven singing. O, how sweet it sounds. Wouldn't it be nicer up there with the angels than on these cold steps. I wonder if mama is there? She must be happy. I think I hear her singing with the angels. She is calling me. She is call—ing———m—e. (Falls asleep.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

Place—Home of Mrs. Hall, New York.

Time—Eight o'clock Christmas Eve.

FRANCIS—What time do you think Santa Claus will come, mama?

MRS. HALL—I think he will come to-night, dear. Sometimes he comes on Christmas morning, but he will come here to-night.

FRANCIS—Papa, do you think there are any little girls that Santa will not bring presents to to-night?

MR. HALL—There may be some poor little girls.

(*Francis advances to window.*)

FRANCIS—How cold it is to-night. The wind blows the snow in every direction. My! How it does snow. I hope there are no little girls out in this cold night. Hark! I hear a noise on the steps. It sounds like someone crying.

MR. HALL—You are right. It sounds like a child's voice.

FRANCIS—Let us open the door and see what she wants. (Exit Francis and father.)

MRS. HALL—I suppose it is some motherless child. I will stir up the nre so that it will be warm for her. (Enter Francis, Nell and Mr. Hall.)

FRANCIS—Poor thing, she is almost frozen. Get her something warm to drink, mama. Do you feel better now, little girl?

NELL—Yes; it is so nice and warm here.

MRS. HALL—Now, dear, sit down by the fireplace and get warm while I get something for you to eat.

MRS. HALL (aside)—Tom, you better come and change your clothes for it is time for Francis to expect Santa Claus. (Exit Mr. and Mrs. Hall.)

FRANCIS—Little girl, what is you name?

NELL—My name is Nell and my mother is dead. My father is so poor that he cannot get enough for us to eat, so I came out to beg.

FRANCIS—Did Santa Claus bring you anything for Christmas?

NELL—No, he don't give things to a poor little girl like me. (Nell cries.)

FRANCIS—Oh, don't cry. He always brings me lots of things, so I will give you some of mine. (Enter Mrs. Hall.)

MRS. HALL—Come into the drawing room, children, and see the Christmas tree. (Exit.)

ACT III. SCENE II.

Place—Drawing room, home of Mrs. Hall. (Enter Mrs. Hall, Francis, Nell.)

MRS. HALL—Now, children, don't touch the Christmas tree until after Santa has gone. Go sit on the sofa, for he will be here in a few minutes.

NELL—How pretty the tree looks. I never saw such a pretty Christmas tree before. I wish I could have one. Look at that pretty ornament up near the top. It looks just like an orange.

MRS. HALL—Listen! I hear some bells ringing. Be quiet, children, for here comes Santa Claus. (Enter Santa Claus singing.)

MR. HALL (Santa Claus.)—

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle,
The cow jumped—

Hello, my little girls. What are your names?

FRANCIS (in an excited tone)—My name is Francis, and this little girl's name is Nell.

SANTA CLAUS—O, yes, I remember. I have a whole sack full of toys for both of you.

Nell.—Yes, yes! A big doll with a pink dress!
For Francis.—Ah, a big doll with a blue dress!
Now, I'll put the other things on the tree.
De diddle de diddle de de.

MRS. HALL—O! Tom, Tom! Look, there is some one climbing through the library window. (Santa Claus rushes into library.)

SANTA CLAUS—Say, what are you trying to do? You're under arrest.

ROBBER—We'll see. (Draws pistol, marches Santa Claus into room.)

MRS. HALL (in an excited tone)—It's my own father.

ROBBER (drops pistol)—Dorothea! (Mrs. Hall falls into her father's arms.)

ACT IV.

Place—Sitting room, home of Mrs. Hall.
Time—Christmas Eve two years later.

MRS. HALL—Father, how happy I am to have you with me. It is almost eight years since I left your little shop and began to work my way through the world. After I worked in the factory for about two years, I met Tom, who was then the manager. We were married soon after and went to England on our honeymoon. When I returned, I went to your shop and expected to bring you here to live with me. But your shop was locked. No one was there. I asked the men who worked nearby if they knew what had become of you. They said that you had lost all your money and then disappeared. At first, I believed what they said, but when I thought it over I knew it was not true. Many times afterward, I went to your shop and found it always locked.

MR. LEWIS—Ah, yes; I remember. You must have come to my shop when I was trying to get my patent in Washington. I was there for two years but never succeeded in getting it. Presently my money gave out, so I had to come back to New York. When I arrived here, I met a friend who lent me a few dollars. Nell and I lived on this until Christmas. When this was gone, I was forced to beg, and that is when our fortune began. I sent little Nell out into the streets to beg. The night was exceedingly stormy and she soon grew tired and fell asleep on your steps. This was all that saved us. It was two years ago to-night.

MRS. HALL—Yes, father, it was just two years ago to-night. It seems but two days.

(Enter Mr. Hall.)

MR. HALL—Good-evening, Mr. Lewis.

MR. LEWIS—Good-evening, Mr. Hall. You're quite early this evening.

MR. HALL—Yes, I hastened home with the newspaper. There may be something in it that will interest you. (Hands him the paper.)

He reads:

"OLD INVENTOR MAKES WIRELESS TORPEDO.
"SELLS INVENTION TO U. S. GOVERNMENT.

"One of the greatest inventions has to-day been sold to the United States Government. The invention, which is a wireless torpedo, has been invented by Mr. W. A. Lewis, who resides in this city. By the aid of his son-in-law, Mr. Hall, the inventor has secured a patent, and has shown the great value and efficiency of his invention, etc."

MR. LEWIS—At last I have succeeded! At last I have succeeded!

CHESTER M. AGNER, '14.

THE END.

Loyal to Family Traits

John R. Bruce, '12.

The rainy morning clouded the usual clearness of the mountains. The scene was one more antique than beautiful. The same distillery, pipe line and bunkhouse that had seen evenings fall for two hundred years was there, and close by were the homesteads that had kept them company. Beside the bunkhouse ran a swollen stream, bearing contributions to a flood. The head of a woman appeared in the window of "Boss" Cood's hut. Next came that of a man, who appeared very weak, for he leaned heavily on the window.

"'Taint likely that them durn, sneakin' 'spectors will be hoppin' 'round here in this here weather," began the old woman, pointing to the swollen stream.

"Huh!" snorted the man, "what 'bout ther Tomplins. Guess thar greasy 'nough to be out in ther rain without gittin wet."

"Tom kin look out fer them," said the woman.

The day slowly shifted away. The rain came in a soft drizzle, pressing down the moss on the roofs. The hut of Cood's was cheerless. No lights, or the slightest noise, came from his abode. In bed lay Timothy, his sad, young face turned to the wall. The "Boss" sat before an empty fireplace, and across his knees was a gun that had seen service with Washington. The door was fastened with two chunky fir bars. The child in bed turned over and sighed. "Dad," he said, "ain't thar no chance, that Tom kin git here in time?"

The man said nothing, and the boy turned again to the wall to hide the tears of vexation.

"I wouldn't have missed ther fun, if he didn't have a new gun," he muttered.

Suddenly came the creak of the door and a low whistle. Thrusting back the bars, the old man let in the brother for whom the other had cried. His face looked haggard, but he showed no other signs of emotion.

"How'd yer git here?" asked the "Boss," looking bewildered. "Come right thru 'em?"

"Yep! right thru 'em."

"Meet any?"

"They got out o' my way."

The boy in the bed got excited. "Tom," he called out, "move my bed to ther winder, so when the time comes I kin git 'nother shot at young Tomplin."

"Never mind about young Tomplin, son," said the elder brother, "I met him on my way. He got out o' my way, too. Here's his gun."

"Did yer kill him?" asked the old man.

"What's the difference?" said the son, "it must have bin him that plugged Tim."

"Yes," answered the old man, "but now thar's no quarter fer us."

The weary night passed and the family looked out on a wet, dripping morning.

"Thar ain't goin' ter be no fight, Tim," said the "Boss"; "better git to sleep."

"Don't let it pass me agin," returned the boy, trying hard to sleep, but failing.

At the lower window, the "Boss," looked out toward the higher hill. There, outlined against the sky, stood the gravestone of his ancestor, John Coods, the one who had shot August Tomplin in a duel. The Tomplins had retaliated, and a feud had sprung up, that was now in its seventieth year.

Slowly he dropped his eyes, turned to the family and muttered in his beard, "We stick to ole John to the end."

The rain had stopped, and now the sun forced itself through the heavy clouds. And with the sun, came the Tomplin's crew bent on vengeance for the death of their leader's son. They rode in groups until within sight of the distillery, then, leaving the boys with the horses, they scattered to surround the hut.

"Boss" Coods saw them coming. "Every man is needed," he said; "Tom, push Tim's bed to ther winder."

He thrust his powder near the lower window, dropped the slugs near his foot, opened the window and fired. The fight was on.

* * * * * *

The weary traveler paused at the swollen stream to reload his old musket. Four times he had failed to bring down "supper," and he cursed the gun soundly. "To think," he cried aloud in vexation, "that the old man won't drop the old gun is enough to turn me gray." What horror it would have given him had he known that the old man was at last dropping his old gun, although not by will, but necessity. Or perhaps, too, that his brother was using a new rifle with deadly aim.

"Father will be proud to see me," he pursued, "now that I've completed school and have been admitted to the bar, maybe he'll also kill the fatted calf. He should be proud that I have not taken the new gun, anyhow."

He spurred the horse and moved on. Perhaps it would be better to go faster and have supper on the fatted calf. It was not long before he passed the Tomplin's huts. He had met the Tomplins, who lived on the mountains across the valley, on his way from the station. They had recognized him, but said nothing. Now he wondered why their farm was bare of people, and why the bawling of the cows disturbed him so. Soon he became aware of a sickly feeling, and became alarmed for the safety of the people at home. Hearing the galloping of horses, he withdrew to the shadow of the fir trees. The Tomplins passed. They were speaking in excited tones. A few had dirty rags bound around their heads. The traveler galloped for home.

His fears were well founded. They were dead; father and two sons, each having fought to the end. He crossed to the foot of the bed. On the foot of the bed was a large piece of wrapping paper. It was held to the wood by two bullets, which acted as nails. On the sheet was scribbled a note. He stared at it, trying to decipher its meaning. It had been written by a semi-educated person, probably their foreign uncle; the one who had introduced the repeating rifles. It had no salutation.

"We met you down by the station, then we come and busted up your family affairs. Awful sorry couldn't have met you at the right time, because then I wouldn't had to right this note to let you know what became of your crew. Very sorry couldn't have saw your women. 'Tain't right to take them up to the border, cause it makes us have a extra journey. You once had a swell sister, Harry. I'm a real Tomplin, and all their foes are mine; therefore, it is with greatest pleasure that I say that it was I who did the real thing. It was I who plugged them first and last. You know who I am, cause I'm the only one smart enough to right."

It was hard for Harry Coods to collect his thoughts. He had come home with an education, and meant to close the feud by legal methods. Now learning was to be cast to the winds. "Boss" Coods and the boys must lie beside John Coods, up on the hill, the family must be brought together, and if only one more chance came it must be sufficient to wash away the insult from the family.

He dug the two slugs from the bedboards and balanced one in each

hand. "These two," he said, "will fit my old gun. They shall be returned to the giver." Silently he placed them in his pouch and went out to bring the family together.

In the ensuing months he stayed away from the old distillery. The place haunted him day and night; but he had heard that the foreign uncle had gone to Europe. At last, upon the news of his return, Harry Coods gathered the Coods for miles around and rode to the old distillery. To his sorrow he found that the inspectors had found it and razed it to the ground. The sight of the ruin stirred his blood for battle. He called the boy who held the horses. "Here," he said, "you are a Cood. Take this slug to Tomplins. Give it to the foreign uncle and tell him I still have the other. Tell him, also, that if he wishes to have its mate, he can come and get it."

The boy, proud of his mission, bustled his way through the men and rode off. The Tomplins heard his excited speech, and the uncle swore to get the other. The clan rode out to meet the Coods. One side still carried the old muskets, but had the shelter of the ruins, while the other held the new weapon, and kept the open.

The foreign uncle rode to the front and held up his hand. "Harry Coods," he bawled, "I have come for the other bullet. The United States troops are five miles off. You are under warrant for that distillery. We shall have to ask you to take back that insult or fight."

"Fight," yelled the Coods in chorus; and the uncle fell back. Again the fight was on.

Volleys came from the attackers, but no return came from the ruins. The fire slackened, and then stopped. The uncle rode forward again.

"Harry Coods," he bawled again, "I have come for the last time, for that bullet."

The leader of the Coods smiled. "Well said," he cried from the ruins; "you shall have it."

Then came a deafening roar, wild shrieks from the Tomplins, and the foreign uncle reeled and fell. He had at last received his bullet.

"The soldiers," rose the cry; and then came the flight. In groups the Coods galloped for the mountains. The Tomplins gathered around their fallen leader. The troops tried to track the flight of the Coods, but failed. The insult had been washed away.

"The Last Trail"

E. M. Jacobs, '11.

It was midwinter in the Alaskas when Hal Demming, prospector and deputy mail carrier, left comfortable quarters at Alaganik, en route to Fort Selkirk. Early one morning he swung out of the main street of the town and headed northeast with one companion, a sleek, powerful, "husky" half collie, half wolf. The dog pulled a sled, of the easiest running type, loaded with mail, and provisions enough to last, with Hal's skilful economy, at least two weeks. At the end of that time, it was expected they would reach the first of several settlements that lay along their course.

For ten days, they traveled in the same direction, covering from twelve to fifteen miles a day. The journey so far was marked by an unusual sameness; but on the eleventh day the sky darkened and the first light flakes of a snow-storm came floating down on the travelers from seemingly nowhere. By evening, it was snowing severely, and Hal shivered as he rolled up in his blankets.

Toward morning, the storm ceased for a while and during that time a low whistle in the air brought the dog to his feet with a jerk. He saw nothing unusual, took a turn around the form in the blankets and stopped on the other side. With his teeth he broke a smooth, thin stick, which the man seemed to be lying on, in trying to pull it away. The master emitted a low groan and stretched forth a rigid arm, fist closed. The dog licked his master's hand, the fingers relaxed an instant, then tensely gripped the cold, moist muzzle. "Weel, dawg," came in weak, unnatural tones from out of the blankets, "I reck'n you 'nd me won't travel together no more." The arm dropped. The dog stood still; later the snow fell again. The dog wondered; then walked closer and shoved his nose into the blankets. His master was cold and unresponsive. An Alaskan of experience, the dog had seen such men before and understood. He turned his nose in the direction whence he had come, and set off at a rapid wolf-trot.

* * * * *

Three weeks from the day Demming had left Alaganik, a "husky," gaunt and shaggy, but still recognizable as Hal Demming's "Champion" entered the "Prospector's" saloon in that town, alone. He went up to some of Hal's friends. "What's up, Champ?" asked one, and "Champ" whined and trotted towards the door. The men, experienced in dog tactics, understood the movements, and soon a party was made up. This was not difficult, as Hal was an extravagant sport, when he was flush, and therefore popular.

* * * * *

They found the body still wrapped in the blankets, and sticking in the man's side was an arrow-head and a few inches of splintered shaft. They buried him where he lay. After the simple, but sincere service was over, "Champ" was missing and neither he nor his remains were ever seen again. A search of the vicinity showed moccasin tracks, and these the men followed up toward the mountains.

* * * * *

The male residents of Alaganik still like to take strangers to the "Prospector's" Saloon and, with those present grouped around, tell the story of how Hal Demming went on his last trail, and entered the long sleep, and how his dog, "Champion," ever faithful, followed him. And when the strangers ask if they ever found out who killed their friend, the older men shake their heads and are silent. But one young fellow, who wasn't in on the game, came later, and refusing to keep still, claims that once in the foothills of the Chigmit Mountains he came across the ruins of an Indian village, bleached bones lying about, all bearing the unmistakable brand of white man's ravage, complete and terrible in revenge.

"The Yellow Streak"

ARTHUR W. WYNNE, '11.

"Perhaps——" the "Shrimp" began.

"No perhaps about it," interrupted the coach, as his eyes followed Jim MacFarland in a football suit crossing the field. "There's no perhaps about it —he's got a 'yellow streak'; why, he's 'yellow' clean through."

"I know," "Shrimp," the quarter, replied. "Every year for three years Mac's been forced to get into a suit by the fellows. Twice he's failed to make the team because he's afraid; and now in the practice games he's shown again his confernal loud color."

"It's a shame, I tell you, that a hundred and ninety pounds of 'beef' like that shouldn't have even the nerve of a dainty little 'petticoat'," remarked the man who *makes* the team. "With any grit he'd be a 'daisy.' If he could make good, he'd bring the average of the team up five pounds, without slowing it up a bit; he's got speed to burn, and he knows the game. But what's the use—he can't. I hope we don't have to play in a single game; he'd put the 'kibosh' on it for sure."

Still Coach Page gave him every chance to make good in the week that followed—the last before the league games; but always the "yellow" halfback would buck straight up, stop before being tackled, "dog" tackles himself, and drop punts when he saw a man coming after him.

These things showed only too clearly why he was not one of the eleven who ran on the gridiron for the first league game.

Nor was Jim himself surprised, for he had expected it. He was both glad and sorry: glad because his "yellowness" would not be shown to all, and would not lose the game for the Black and Gold; sorry because he would not earn his "block," was not a *man*, and would not help win a championship.

As he sat and watched the play he knew it was only regard for his feelings and the very slight possibility of the need of another man that kept Page from ousting him from the squad. He knew he would be the last man to enter the game; but he blamed only himself.

This was the beginning of his fifth year at the school, which ordinarily took but four to complete. It was only by the "skin of his teeth" that he had been allowed to stay the year before because of poor scholarship and general conduct. In his fourth year his scholarship had picked up wonderfully; but still it would take him five years to graduate. For three of the five years, he had been a member of the football squad, not of his own free will.—he was afraid—but because the boys made him go out for the team. He knew the game well; had all the fine points and tricks at his finger tips—but lacked the nerve to make good.

The Black and Gold had fought their way into the game for the sub-league championship by defeating all but one of the other teams. Now *they* were to meet them to see which would have a chance for the league championship.

The fight had cost "The Tigers" three men, "Fat" Stub, "The Shrimp" and "Duck" Jones, a sub-half, all of whom were on the hospital list.

To add more despair to Black and Gold rooters, when "blue blanks" returned it was found that both regular halves, "Curly" Musser, and "Dutch" Wright, were not signed up.

This left the team with but two halves, one of whom was Jim MacFarland.

Most of what the coach said when he heard this was very strong language; but this much can be repeated:

"How do they expect me to turn out a winning team if the faculty is always butting in?"

The knowledge that he might have to play completely upset "Mac." The fears which were so strong in him dominated more than ever, so he stayed away from practice the following afternoon.

It would never do to play Jim. Page rose to the occasion. He took "Babe"

Kinran from the line and in five days' practice had made a fairly good "back" out of him.

The weakened "Tigers" met the Black and Red eleven, who were at their best, for the deciding game. The "Parrots" were the favorites, because of the condition of the other team. The "Tiger" spirit—"the never say die"—had been imbibed by their team; they were going to make a desperate fight. The men formed a good machine, but lacked the physique, experience and brains of the regulars. The team against which they were matched had played together almost to a man for two seasons.

The largest crowd for three years packed the stands and overflowed into the field. The psychological effect of the spectators favored the "Animals" for the number of "Tiger" rooters outnumbered the "Bird" admirers,—a fact which had much to do with the outcome of the game, because the crowd influences the officials as well as the players.

The game was a royal battle, in which experience was met by grit and fight.

The first quarter ended with the ball on the Black and Gold's ten-yard line.

The rest did wonders for the "Tigers." They held the "Parrots," who then tried a place kick which went over the goal line but wide of its mark. The "Animals" received the ball on their own twenty-five-yard line. The sub-quarter showed a good head. They advanced the ball without losing it until within seven yards of their opponents' goal; there they met a stone wall and lost the ball on downs.

The "Birds" lined up to kick out of danger. The "Tigers'" cry of "Block that kick" was not without effect upon their team, although they never heard it. The effect was a psychological one—it influenced the players without their or the rooters' knowledge. The ball was snapped back. The punter caught the ball, adjusted it and kicked it—straight into the face of Hobbs, the "Tiger" guard. The ball was blocked! It bounded over the goal line. There was a mad rush for it. When the referee found the ball it was tightly grasped in the arms of a "Parrot." A safety had been made. The score stood "Tigers" 2—"Parrots" 0.

"Mac," who had watched the game silently, admiring the grit and nerve of the players and praying for his team to win, opened his mouth for the first time since the game started.

"We got them now," he said.

While he was waiting for the play to begin he was dreaming of the cup the team would now have a chance to win, wishing he was man enough to help them, when he heard his name called. He turned and saw Coach Page beckoning to him.

"The 'Babe' is out," the coach said. "He broke three ribs diving for that ball. You'll have to go in."

To the usual football player the answer would be a cry of joy but with Jim it was different. His eyes filled with tears and he trembled at the thought of it.

"I'm afraid," he cried. "I'm afraid."

"Come, brace up and be a man. You've got to go in—you're the only back left. Go in and do your best, and make your best good. Fight! Don't show your 'yellow streak.'" Page spoke determinedly and half shoved the half on the field.

"Mac" religiously avoided every possible danger. He hardly knew what he was doing; he heard the signals but part of the time, so much was he afraid. He did more harm than good.

The second quarter ended soon with score unchanged. During the time Coach Page sought many ways to change the team; but the only available players were line men, both of whom never had played back of the line; one too "green" to try, the other absolutely necessary to hold back in case of an accident to a line man in the game. There was nothing to do but leave "Mac" in.

In the third quarter Jim played much as he had played before. All the "Tigers"—those in the game and those out of it—cussed him and his "yellow streak." The "Parrots" had much the best of the fight. Only the remarkable punts of the "Tigers'" only regular back, "Lank" Bates, captain and their full, kept the "Birds" from flying across the goal line for a touchdown. A fifty-yard kick put the ball in the middle of the field at the close of the third period.

"Lank" gave "Mac" a call down while they were waiting for the last part of the game to begin. Jim took it silently, remarking only in his defense, "I'm afraid."

The end of the game was near. Already both captains had been notified that but five minutes more of play remained. The "Parrots" would surely open up the game in order to win. The ball was fumbled by the "Birds" in a double-pass play. It rolled to Jim's feet, instead of falling on it he picked it up but was tackled on the spot. On the second "down" and but one yard to go, the quarter gave "Mac's" signal for the first time. When he hit the line he dropped the ball. Again it was Black and Red's.

With his head down Jim went to his position on the defense. He watched the opponents' backs closely and in their looks caught a sign giving away the next play.

"Look out," he called to the other half. "It's around your end."

The ball was passed back. The receiver started around the side on which Mac played. The other half seeing Jim's mistake, rushed over to get into play. Jim ran up a little closer to the line, then, seeing the "Bird's" end standing as if waiting for the ball, started in his direction. The forward pass was perfect; straight into the arms of the awaiting "end" it went. Another player leaped in front of the runner to give him interference. As Mac chased him, he hoped the quarter would tackle the end with the ball, but the other player sent the quarter, as well as himself, sprawling.

It was up to Jim now! Into his mind flashed all sorts of fancies, ideas and horrors. He told himself that he was "yellow";"I'm afraid" kept running through his mind. "What good will it do if I do catch up to him." Then figuring that he couldn't dive, he knew the man would be over the line before he was even with him. "But," came the thought, "I can dive and touch the ground just before tackling him—only I'm afraid." These thoughts flashed in and out of his mind in the movements in which his great speed was bringing him close to his opponent.

The end was ten yards from the goal, and Jim was within diving distance of him.

"Now's the time," Jim thought, "only I'm yellow—afraid."

Up in the grandstand every "Tiger" rooter's thoughts were: "He must get him now; he will get him; he shall get him!"

They had their effect.

"I'm afraid," still thought Mac. Then came the change. "I'm afraid—to be afraid."

The game was over. The "Tigers" were victorious by the score of two to nothing. They would have their chance for the league championship.

Jim's tackle was the talk of the game. By it he had saved the day.

"That's the gamest play a man can make," praised Coach Page, "a tackle like that from behind. He got around that 'no diving tackle' rule nicely, didn't he? I wonder who thinks he's 'yellow' now."

"The only thing 'yellow' about him was that he ran down the field like a yellow streak of lightning," remarked the "Shrimp." "Hugh, there's not a 'yellow streak' in him, he's solid 'gold'—I always told you so."

"I told you so," laughed the coach. "You'll have to get something better than that, Shrimp."

The boys on the team smiled at the Shrimp, who swung his crutch wildly at them.

"But," continued Coach Page, "Mac's found his grit. He's going to be a regular from now on."

In the Days of '49

T. Devine, '13.

It was in the summer of '52 that I rode into Devil's Gulch, about a day and a half's ride from Downieville, looking for work in the newly-found diggings. I was tired and sore, so I went into the "Chrystal Palace" to freshen up my drooping spirits. As I stood in front of the rough board which served the purpose of a bar waiting my turn, a young fellow rushed in with blood dripping from a gunshot wound in his arm.

"Say, Bill," he said, addressing the proprietor, "I was just riding down the canyon and I ran into that greaser, Pedro, and and his darned gang, and the darn dog took a shot at me. Say, gimme a drink and tie up this arm. I guess there won't be any music till this heals up."

Pedro was one of the worst of the many Mexican outlaws who rode from place to place holding up the mule trains, usually murdering the drivers and making away with the gold.

Pedro, however, bothered me very little at this time, for I was looking for work, and here it was. Back East I was considered quite a good piano-player, and I knew that the "Chrystal Palace" would not do much business without music and dancing, so I strolled over to the proprietor and offered my services for $350 a month. He seemed so glad to get them that it made me wish I had made it a hundred or two more. But it was too late now.

Bill Williams, the proprietor of the saloon, made a practice of buying gold which had been stolen from the mines, but he had never been caught in the act, and so escaped punishment. After I had been with him two months, he asked me to take some dust to the express office at Downieville for him, but I did not like risking a shot from Pedro's gang, and told him so. The next day he again made me the proposition, offering me $200. This looked good to me, so I accepted. I was to start at 3 o'clock the next morning, and so escape notice from the crowds which filled the town till a late hour. There were greasers around who kept Pedro informed of the doings in camp, and it was these who were to be feared more than the bandits themselves.

At the appointed time I was there, and saw Williams coming out from behind the saloon leading a magnificent horse, and without further ado I mounted and rode off.

When I had ridden a few miles I stopped to water my horse, and as I was about to start off again I distinctly heard hoofbeats behind me, and it is entirely needless to say I was alarmed and that I got the best out of my horse that was in him. He was a superb animal, and responded nobly. My first thought was to rid myself of the heavy chamois bags containing the gold, but on further thought I determined to keep them until I caught sight of my pursuers. The hoofbeats behind me died away, and I slackened speed.

While I was congratulating myself on my safe escape, three men stepped from the brush by the roadside and ordered me to throw up my hands. Taken off my guard, there was nothing to do but comply.

"Did the gringo expect to escape Pedro?" I turned, and before me stood the most feared outlaw in the State. He was extremely short and rather stout, and looked like he would rather run than fight any day. He soon relieved me of the chamois bags and opened them. Instead of gold, they were filled with plain, everyday, ordinary pebbles.

To say I was surprised would be to put it mildly. The Mexican, sus-

pecting some trick, searched me again and again, and finally ended up by tearing my saddle to pieces.

They had hardly finished the last-named task when a rider, lying low on his horse's neck, dashed by like a streak of lightning and was gone before the Mexicans could pick up their guns.

That night a puzzled man, sore from numerous kicks administered by a certain Mexican, slowly and laboriously made his way up to the bar of the "Chrystal Palace." The proprietor, after gazing at him several moments, said, "Well, Jim, I see you met Pedro."

"Say, Bill Williams, why did you send me out with a pile of rocks and a chance of getting a bullet through me?"

"Come on, son, now don't get sore and mebbe I tell you I sent you out first with rocks instead of dust and right after you came the fellow with the real goods. He kept close behind you all the way, and when the greasers got real interested in you he just ran by and got to Downieville too. If you'd 've had the gold they'd have got it sure. Come on now, tickle that piano awhile, will you?"

TECHNICAL

The Recording of Earthquakes

L. B. Clark, '11.

The study of that terrible and peculiar phenomenon termed an earthquake, which has caused the death of so many and the loss and devastation of so much property, is not a new one, but one hundreds of years old. The first need in such a study is an instrument which can be set into motion by the tremors and made to leave some automatic, intelligible record. The first apparatus invented for this purpose was called a seismoscope, and showed only that an earthquake had passed and the direction in which the impulse or shock had acted.

To non-progressive China is probably due the first invention of such an instrument. An old Chinese history tells us that a Chinese called Choko invented this curious piece of mechanism in the year 136 A. D. It consisted of a spherically formed copper vessel eight feet in diameter, resembling a huge wine bottle. In the inner part was a column so suspended that it could move in the cardinal and intermediate directions. There was, also, an arrangement by which some record of the tremor was made. On the outside of the sphere were eight dragons corresponding to the eight positions in which the column in the inside could move. Each dragon held a small metallic ball in its mouth. Just below each dragon was a frog looking upward toward the dragon, with its mouth open ready to catch the ball if it should fall out of the dragon's mouth. When a "quake" occurred, a certain dragon would allow the small ball to roll out and drop into the frog's mouth, causing it to vibrate violently, the direction of the shock being opposite to that in which the ball had fallen; as, for example, if the frog on the northwest got the ball, the direction of the shock was southeast. The releasing mechanism employed is unknown.

It was not until 1703 that the first seismoscope used in Europe was invented. The early European instruments were crude, curious and very unsatisfactory, but not so much so as those of the Chinese. The following are two of the many devices that were used:

A large bowl containing water had its sides covered to the surface of the water with a powder of chalk. When a "quake" occurred, it agitated the water, which washed off some of the chalk, thus showing that an earthquake had occurred and its direction.

A second form consisted of a column of mercury upon which were floating small bits of iron attached to threads which ran over a pulley provided with indices that moved over a scale. A tremor agitated the surface of the mercury, thus causing a variation in the reading on the scale.

Nothing was gained by such instruments, and in the end they all came to naught. What was wanted was an apparatus which would trace the entire motion automatically, from the beginning of the tremor to the end,

showing at every instant the direction, the amplitude and the frequency or period of the vibrations. Such an instrument received the name of a seismograph. There are devices which perform the above, but it is impossible to distinguish the different vibrations. Such instruments are called seismaneters. The fundamental problem in all seismaneters, including seismographs, is to devise some object or mass which will remain at rest while everything around it is in a constant state of vibratory motion. Such a mass is called a steady-point, and is far from easy to obtain. In the search for a steady-point, the first contrivance to suggest itself was the simple pendulum at rest. It was thought that if the point of suspension did move, it would not transmit any vibrations to the weight unless the vibrations were slow, and of considerable amplitude. Many instruments containing the pendulum principle immediately sprung up, but practical experience developed two difficulties. If the vibrations were slow and wide it set the pendulum swinging, thus destroying the steady-point. If the "shocks" were rapid and short the trace of the tremor was a mere tangle of lines. Thus, this new form of recorder was at first practically useless for powerful earthquakes. It was conceived that it might be improved if it were practical to multiply the motion of the tracer, so as to give a much larger diagram of the relative motion. The first attempt toward the attainment of a seismaneter giving a larger tracing was made by Dr. G. Wagner. He secured a larger tracing, but the steady-point ceased to be. Just about this time Japan was coming into fame for its work in seismology. Professor Ewing of the University of Tokio proposed what was called the duplex pendulum, which was modified until a fairly satisfactory instrument, giving a large tracing, was obtained. This instrument, although being practical, gave much trouble in its manipulation, thus causing the demand for a more accurate and reliable recorder.

The tendency of a pendulum to acquire a swing is in proportion to the ratio of the earth period to the pendulum period. The smaller this ratio is made, the less will the steady-point be affected by the vibrations. To minimize this, a pendulum having a very long period is necessary. In the duplex pendulum certain practical considerations limit the period it can be given.

Thus, in the new recorder all these necessary principles are embodied. It is called the conical pendulum, of which a derrick is a good example. There are many forms of these recorders which are very accurate, the most popular in the United States being the European form of the one invented by Professor Omori, a Japanese. It is known as the Bosch-Omori, or Strasburg seismograph, and consists of an upright column or mast which supports the steady mass, a horizontal boom carrying a heavy weight and having great freedom of motion. To this heavy weight is attached the magnifying and recording lever. The record is traced on a sheet of smoked paper wrapped around a cylinder. To prevent friction the coating of soot is very thin, and the paper is highly glazed. The cylinder bearing the record makes one revolution per hour, and an ingenious mechanical attachment shifts the cylinder lengthwise, so that the different parts of the record will be separated. There is also an electric time-marker in connection with a high-grade clock which marks the record every minute, thus showing at what time the disturbance occurred. To prevent the interference of outside vibrations, the apparatus is firmly bolted to a large foundation of concrete which is set deep into the earth.

With such means as we have today, the mysteries of earthquakes have been somewhat reduced, thus enabling us to make a clearer and more exact study of this peculiar phenomenon.

THE TIGER

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The Tiger wishes every one an exceedingly Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Now is the time to show your jollity, forget your sadness, and join the happy throng of hilarious people.

To the faculty, who have done so much for the betterment of The Tiger, the manager and editor personally wish them a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SECOND GIRLS' ISSUE.

Following the plan started last year by ex-editor Rey Chatfield and ex-manager Sherman White, the next number of THE TIGER will be entirely in the hands of the Lick girls. Miss Anna Erlandson, '11, will act as editor, and Miss Sophie Feldermann, '11, will act as manager.

The great amount of enthusiasm shown last year by both the faculty and the students made the first girls' issue a tremendous success. It fully proved that Lick is not only a school for the boys, but also a school in which the girls take as active a part in student activities as the boys.

Because of the fact that the next issue of THE TIGER will be a girls' edition does not stop the boys from giving a helping hand. Instead, it will be all the more reason for giving your best support. The girls' issue has only started, and it is up to the entire student body to determine whether it will become a precedent.

Students, give Miss Erlandson and Miss Feldermann your best support and make the second girls' issue so successful that it will become a number always looked forward to.

STUDENT CO-OPERATION.

In the editorials of almost every school paper, we may read about the need of school spirit, and the deficiency of interest in school affairs. After reading a few of these articles, we can congratulate ourselves on the extreme interest shown by all our students in every branch of school activities. Now, the only thing we need is the students' co-operation in working for one great good, "School Pride."

It has been nobly said, "that the Lick students are the living monuments of this school." Then, THE TIGER should be a marble statue, built by the students of Lick. That is what it is, a representative of our abilities, and as such, it must be the work of every student. This does not mean that you have to write stories only, or anything in a similar vein, but it does mean that you are to take an active part in the entire paper.

In a scientific and rapidly progressing age like this, we can not stick to our old customs, but must progress with it. Therefore, let us not follow the methods of former editors. Instead, let us think of new ideas for THE TIGER—new methods of writing school notes, shop notes, of arranging the material, and in short, let us make an entirely new TIGER, which will be the work of the entire student body.

Don't be backward, fellow students; tell your ideas to any member of the staff, no matter how foolish they may seem, and they will always be welcomed.

Don't put it off, begin now, keep your eyes opened for new ideas, and we will try to make THE TIGER an entirely new and better paper.

Now a word about our yells. What is a yell for? Why of course to show our enthusiasm. In doing so, we want to make a great deal of noise, and in order to do this, the yells must be made up of a combination of syllables that are easily pronounced. It matters little, then, what the theme of the yell is, from one standpoint; but, from another, a great deal depends upon what the syllables are, as well as the theme. THE TIGER speaks from the standpoint of decency. Fellows, consider our yells in the right way. Are they just what they should be? Do they do justice to our school? If not, make them do so. It is very hard to give up a good yell; a yell that puts vigor and life into us; a yell that fills us with enthusiasm; a yell that we are proud of. Would you not give up one yell for the good of your school? In after-school life, which will you be more proud of, a certain yell or this school?

There certainly are students in this school who can write a school yell. If in Milpitas they can write a yell like this—

"Watermelons, pumpkins, squash!
Spudville High, yes, by gosh!"

we ought to be able to go them one better and write a real yell. Think it over, fellows, and at least try to add some new yells to the list.

Another important issue at school which needs special mention is in respect to the tidiness of the school and its surroundings. Not that we are worse than other schools in this respect, does THE TIGER mention this; but only because it knows that the students are going to co-operate for the good of the school, and in its co-operation, the throwing of papers, bread crusts and dangerous banana skins about the yard, can be stopped.

Now the question rests with the students. Will you co-operate in this manner? Do you want to work for the general interest of your school? The answer will be unanimously, "Yes." Then it is agreed upon by all. Every one is going to start right now to do more for this school, and in years to come, we will not only be proud of the Lick school for what it is, but also for what we have helped to make it.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

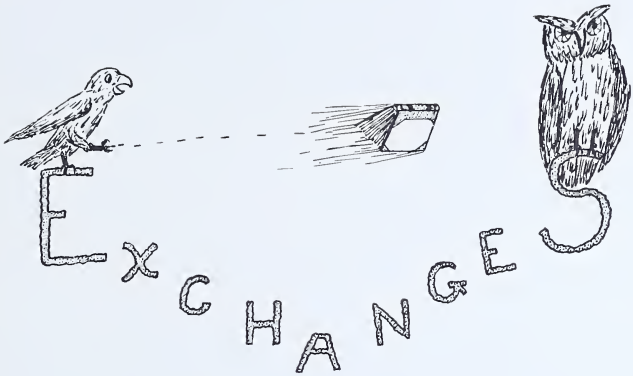
Active work has been begun by the Seniors with regard to the Senior Play. The past classes have been most successful in producing a play in their Senior year. With the proper support the 1911 class will surely be as successful. Of course, the students understand it is a student affair of the Senior class, but others are generally in the play and it is a pleasure enjoyed by all the school, their friends and relatives.

This year Reuben Hills has been elected manager. The play committee is: President, O. L. Barker; Miss Eagleson, Lee Clark, F. House and L. Litchfield. The committee has been hard at work and has chosen the finest comedy that has been produced in years. Rehearsals will begin in January in preparation for the final play, to be given next spring at one of the San Francisco theaters.

THE SENIOR SEMINAR.

The Senior Seminar has been organized for the year 1911. This institution was originally started in 1902, and resumed in '04, but the audiences tended too much toward general rough-house, and it was not a great success during its earlier years. The classes of '08 and '09 revived it and made quite a success of it. It was not taken up in '10.

Some twenty names, with as many subjects, have been handed in this year. The talks will start immediately after the Christmas vacation, and judging from the interest already shown, it should be a satisfactory undertaking. Among the first topics to be spoken on, "Railroad Cranes," by Wood Young, and "Finger Prints and the Criminal," by Lawrence Chilcote, should start the year off well. Mr. Plumb is the Adviser-in-Chief.



The following criticisms need but one word of explanation—that is, a few of these exchanges are commencement numbers which came too late to be criticized in our September number, but the majority of the exchanges criticized were autumn numbers:

Colus, Colus High School, Calif.—Your paper contains excellent material and is neatly arranged. The lack of attention to details, however, gives it a crude appearance. Page headings, more tail-pieces and numbering of pages would greatly enhance the appearance. The story entitled "Cupid" is very clever, but would have been better if the transitions from period to period had been defined more clearly.

Hitchcock Sentinel, San Rafael, Calif.—Your bi-monthly is a very breezy little sheet. It is well edited and contains good material.

Trident, Santa Cruz, Calif.—We are glad to find you among our exchanges, as yours is a paper whose editing is good in all departments. Our only criticism is that your joke column is not long enough. Come again, *Trident,* and keep up the good work.

Tocsin, Santa Clara, Calif.—The originality of your paper is its distinctive feature, aside from the splendid editing and arrangement. The introduction to Joshes is very clever, as is also the department called "The Nooz." Your Spat Calendar is also a very good idea. One vital part of every High School paper is, however, lacking, viz., an exchange department. This fault we hope, however, to find remedied in your next issue. More literary work is also desirable.

Madrona, Palo Alto High School.—Your first edition this year is a splendid little paper. The material and editing are excellent. We wish especially to congratulate you on your success in the "Josh" department. The jests are all good and can be appreciated by outsiders.

The Adjutant, Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.—Yours is a clever little sheet and edited in a manner quite in keeping with the character of the institution it represents. We find nothing to criticize in your excellent editing, but would be glad to see an exchange column in addition to your other departments.

Wilmerding Life, Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts. A larger number of stories would improve your paper. "Carlton Chase" is long but the accounts of the new inventions in it are confusing, and are out of place in a detective story. "How Ivan Succeeded" is good, but the end is too good to seem probable. "The Silver Palace" is the best story in the paper. Your cuts are all good except the heading for "Joshes." The jokes make up for the poor heading.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley High School. Your cover design is too gray and chalky. It is not distinct enough. The headings, the classes, joshes and editorials are above the average. Where are your stories? A school of 1300 students should be able to produce more than one story and one description a month. Your story is not of the highest order; it belongs to the dime novel class. Some of your jokes are good.

Cogswell, Cogswell Polytechnic College. Your cover design is too stiff. It is the picture of a wooden image dressed in football clothes. Otherwise your cuts are good, except that many were drawn by former pupils. The author of the "Outcast" deserves great praise for producing a story which is utterly beyond the scope of most high school students in length, in power of holding our interest, and in appeal to our sympathies. Crimpy appealed to our sympathy from the first, and nothing could be sadder than his first disappointment, but the joy of his final triumph is a fitting climax to the story. "Twenty Pieces of Silver" deserves mention. But in the future, *Cogswell,* have more stories of the "Outcast" class, not two to every issue.

The Chaparral, Stanford University. You must have a couple of good artists on your staff as your cuts, both humorous and otherwise, are superior to all. The jokes, though all collegy in tone, still are pointed enough for an uneducated outsider to see.

Enterprise, Petaluma High, Calif.—Your commencement number would be much improved by a better class of cuts and tail-pieces. The general appearance and arrangement is good. The limericks and poems deserve special mention.

Blue and White, Sacred Heart College, San Francisco.—Excellent material abounds in your paper. "A Corner in Cues" is decidedly clever and your articles on literature are very good. We are, however, surprised to find no exchange department. It is no doubt an oversight which we hope to see speedily remedied.

The Pelican, University of California, is up to its usual high standard and is brimming over with funny things, both written and drawn.

The Item, Pasadena High School, Calif., would be much improved by having the advertisements in the back part of the paper. In all other respects, with the exception of the joshes, your paper is well edited. Our chief criticism, however, is in your lack of an exchange department. This most important branch of a High School paper you have woefully neglected. Come through with an exchange department, *Item!*

High School Herald, Westfield, Mass., contains good material, but would be much improved by a better class of drawings. Your literary department is good and your cover design is simple and appropriate.

The Clarion, Salem, Oregon.—The attractiveness of an otherwise splendid paper is spoiled by having advertisements in the front pages of the paper. Did you mislay your exchanges, Clarion? We hope that is your only reason for not having a department under that head. Your story, "The Impossible Boy," is very good and deserves special mention. "The Lemon Tree" is also quite clever. But, oh, your exchanges!

The Blue and Gray, Mountain View High School. Why not try and get stories which do not use that old hackneyed ending, "And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Your jokes are too personal.

The Flame, Fremont High School.—Among all our exchanges we can safely say that yours is the best we have received in point of material, editing, and quality. Your editorials are excellent and deserve special mention. Beside this we need only say that it would be well for all of us to follow your steps in producing a paper that tends so much to uplift High School journalism.

The Scribe, Oakland Manual Training High School, is a neat and orderly paper. "The Woman in the Case" is a clever story, and the editorials and departments are well written. We are always glad to receive papers of your caliber, *Scribe.* Come again.

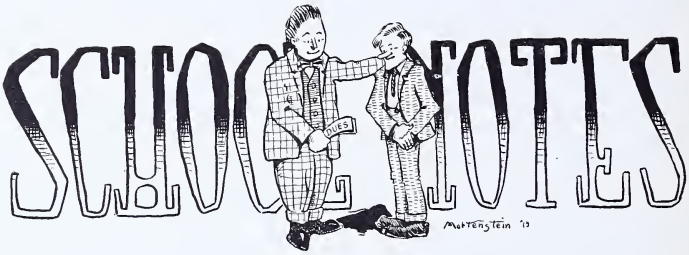
The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Calif.—Your commencement issue is very well edited. The literary department is way above par. "Skeeters Charge" is a well written and interesting story, and the valedictory, "Symmetry of Life" is a splendid article. Our only criticism is the poor quality of the cuts and printing. We also would suggest that less bold-faced type be used, as it detracts from the general appearance. Your cover design is very neat and appropriate.

The Ilex, Woodland High School. The cover design of your paper is good but the "I" is easily mistaken for an "O." The other cuts are poor. They are too small, and show little artistic ability. Your photographs are a credit to your paper, but they should be placed at the beginning or end of a story, not in the middle of it. Your class history and prophecy should be together, not separated by two stories and a poem. After the bitter coating comes the sweet inside; as the quality of your stories makes up for all the other defects. "The Maygar" is vivid and exciting. "Uncle's Great Find" kept our interest alive to the finish as we could not guess where the picture was to come from. "A Big Scoop" has just the right ending, a suggestion of what happened, not an absolute statement. "Mother" is the last and best.

Caduceus, Chico High School. Your paper stands in the highest rank of all papers, perhaps it outclasses them all. The cloth cover and odd shape of your paper, or rather book, give it a distinctive tone. There is only one defect among your many good qualities, and that is your photographs, except those of the athletic teams, are too small, and are crowded too closely together. Your cuts show great artistic ability, and we wish to commend especially the headings for literary, editorials and joshes. Your departments are all well written, though possibly the alumni should be given a little more attention. Your joshes are up to the rest of your paper in quality. The literary department shows that Chico High has story-tellers who are able, interesting and above the average. "Wanted Headlines" shows how fame comes when we no longer desire it, and does it in an interesting way. "Two Men, Two Ways" and "Beth" are full of human interest. "A Soldier's Medal" is full of pathos, but the ending changes sorrow to joy. "The Widder Perkins" has a quaint humor all its own. *Caduceus,* we salute you as a worthy representative of your school.

Green and Gold, Tuolumne County High School. We miss the pictures of the graduates, and your cuts are small, few in number, and of an inferior quality. The large number of well written stories in the *Green and Gold* give us great pleasure. Some of them are strikingly original. Your poems are also a good feature. "Trapped" holds our interest to the end. In "His Last Stand" we feel the lion's sorrow just as if he were human. "The Message of Destiny" and "The Great White Cross" are worth while.

The Lowell, Lowell High School. Next time try and have more stories. Also improve the quality of your jokes. Your arrangement is poor; arrange your articles so that they come all together, not continued to any old place where there is room for them.



MINOR RALLIES.

The occasional rallies at noon are fairly well attended, but greater attendance is what the Student Body needs; it wants increased school spirit. One of the most spirited rallies of the year was held before the Polytechnic game, when the enthusiastic speakers said they would bring home the Hastings Trophy cup and they did. Before the Cogswell games we had numerous talks from those who took the greatest interest in Lick.

Coach Sid Holman, the man who is to be thanked for the success of "Our Football Team," spoke to us on the games of our boys.

Will Middleton, our coach three years ago, was again with us and wished us success.

Roy Meeker, our All Academic end in '08, was here and told us of the confidence he had in the team and the support we should give them.

Besides speeches from the captain and his team we have heard from the manager of the team. Litchfield told us of the financial aid that was needed, not only for football but all the branches of activity. Support our teams and we'll be prosperous enough to enter better equipped teams.

Captain Artie Wynne has asked for new material for the baseball team. Answer his call and bring another championship to Lick.

Fellows, we want also to support President House. Help him out by coming to the rallies. The under classmen do not as yet realize the importance of these rallies, so it is up to the Juniors and Seniors to help the Student Body officers and interest the others.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

As usual, the students welcomed Founders' Day, and on September 21, 1910, learned more than they anticipated about their school. The opening address was given by Mr. Merrill, and then Horace Davis was presented.

Mr. Davis has served this school for thirty-five years, and takes great interest in us. He commemorated the birthday of the founder, and told us of the many great opportunities given us at Lick.

The main topic of the day was expressed in the address of Marston Manson, City Engineer, whose subject was "Technical Integrity." It was a talk straight from the shoulder to the students and every word was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by everyone.

The guests of the school in the morning were a committee of the James Lick Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West. Their chairman, Mr. C. L. McEnerney, told us of the Parlor's intention of establishing a scholarship fund as their share of the work done at Lick, feeling that the students are a living monument of James Lick.

Mr. Merrill announced beside this perpetual scholarship of the Native Sons another scholarship started by the Alumni of this school. Mr. Merrill also announced the bequest of Frederick B. Ginn of $20,000 to be used for

the maintenance of orphan boys at Lick and Wilmerding Schools. His widow added a surplus of $23,000.

Under the management of President Barker and Mr. Berg many visitors were conducted in the afternoon through the school by the course XI seniors. The classes and shops were in regular working order, and the visitors expressed much pleasure and interest in the work.

MISS OTTO'S TRIP.

On the sixth of November a little party crossed the bay to see Miss Otto safely started on her way. The trip East was unexpected and quite a surprise to all the students. The seniors especially were sorry that she would be away for such a long time, but we will be all the happier to see her when she returns. Miss Otto will be missed, as she takes quite an active interest in the school's activities.

The school expects to introduce new courses, especially for the girls. Miss Otto will gather material in the various cities en route and will be in Boston at the time of the convention, which is dealing with this branch of education. From there she will come back to San Francisco, traveling through the Eastern, Southern and Middle States.

Miss Otto goes to the convention as a representative of the school and also as representative of the Miranda Lux Endowment, on account of which this trip is made.

We all wish her a most successful and pleasant trip, and hope for her speedy and safe return.

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN DANCE.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth of October the Seniors gave their first dance of the year. It was a very pretty affair. Greens and the school colors were prettily draped about our hall. The feature of the evening was its informality; the fellows were in shirt sleeves and the girls in the prettiest simple dresses. The dance was well attended (affirmed by Cookies Costa and Winters who were hard at work bending elbows).

The committee, Miss H. Feldeman, T. Clark and W. Young, and floor manager Litchfield were well repaid by the praise of the dancers.

'12-'14 PICNIC.

The Freshmen were given a picnic August 27 by the Juniors. A jolly crowd left on the Key Route boat for Richmond Park. The '12 Orchestra kept them in a lively mood on the way out in their chartered car. 'Midst watermelons and apples and plenty of lunch, the appetites from the long ride were satisfied. In the afternoon the orchestra played for the dancers in the pavilion. Races were run, by proxy or otherwise, Miss Bettoli winning the Faculty race for Miss Dunlap. The chaperons, Miss Otto, Miss Dunlap and Miss Edwards, enjoyed themselves as much as the tired crowd that reluctantly left the day's pleasure.

L. D. S. SOCIAL.

Saturday evening, September 24, 1910, witnessed a delightful social given by the Lick Debating Society. A short but good program consisted of a solo by Miss Martin, '12; a recitation by Miss Goodmann, '13; a vocal duet by Misses Erlandson and Barrieau, '11, and a piano solo by Miss Goodmann, '13.

The entertainment was followed by a dance, which was enjoyed by all. At 12 o'clock, the dance ended sending a tired but happy crowd home, declaring that the L. D. S. certainly could do things and do them well.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Department of the L. D. S. will postpone the production of the regular plays until the return of Miss Otto. Therefore the Dramatic Department offers five dollars for the best one-hour play written by a student. It may be the dramatization of a short story.

The Interclass Debates were run off with considerable success. The Sophomore team, Boruck, Miss Todd and Pilli, won over the Freshman team, Blade, Hardy and Wiel. The Junior team, Miss Boyle, Worth and Austin, lost to the Seniors, McNair, Hirschler and Chilcote. For the finals, the Sophomores lost to the Seniors. For the second time in the existence of the Lincoln bust trophy, the Class of 1911 have kept their numerals and no others on it.

CALIFORNIA.

O-o-o-ski wow-wow!
W-i-i-i-ski wee wee!
O-o-o-li muckei!
O-o-o-li Berklei!
Calif-o-o-o-rnia! WOW!!!

And then some! You can't beat it any way you try! This has been the hardest, toughest, fullest, bulliest term that ever happened. Work has been stacking up mountains high, and there's been no let up, but we charged on the dead run—hit 'em hard—and it's all over but the shouting!

Everybody's happy, and V. Fritz is so pleased with life, that he cut Mechanics last week, and went over to the Infirmary to get a cold doctored—and an excuse for the cut! Then he beat it for a football game. Now that's going some!

The Sophomore Lick bunch, who have Walter Morley (Assistant Professor of Metallurgy) for adviser, blew him to a feed, and then took him to the Oakland Orpheum afterward, in the middle of the term. He was associated with Mr. Merrill out at Cogswell in the old days, which accounted for our being assigned to him last year. He's a bully fine fellow, and take my advice and get him for an adviser when you come to college, if you can!

Fred Hornick and "Knockers" Nachtrieb distinguished themselves by furnishing the musical part of the program of one of the University meetings. Fred also served on one of the Freshie Glee arrangement committees. Os. Lawton was chairman of the Freshman Constitutional committee.

"Slim" Hunt and "Cap" Pitchford broke into the chorus of the "Treble Clef's" "Mikado," and didn't seem to injure it any.

"Stu" Wilder is chairman of the Junior "Prom" arrangement committee, which shows that he is climbing up in the world.

I find that it is up to me to make a correction in the Alumni notes of last time. Grace Nicholson and Edith McDonald are not enrolled at California. They visited the campus several times at the beginning of the term, and as I had the pleasure of meeting them several of those times, I took it for granted that they had added their names to the Hall of Fame. I have since discovered my mistake, and now correct it.

Agnes Fraser enrolled at the first of the term, but vaccination didn't agree with her, and she postponed her triumphal entry for a year. (Weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the meanwhile.)

Rolla Bishop Watt tried out for the Sophomore debating team, and came mighty near making it. Rolla hasn't been well for some time, and was out of college most of last term, but is now back at work, and going at it harder than ever. "Art." Felt made a stab at the Freshman team, but was also unsuccessful.

Latest despatches from the front inform me that Cap. Pitchford gathered

a broken collar-bone as the result of a rough-house at the Alumni barn party. Cap. always was a little out o' luck.

Billiken Ashley is now bunking with me in Berkeley. After his summer camp experiences he needed some civilizing influence, so I came to the rescue, and got him over here where he could bask in the glow of V. Fritz, Hugh Webster, "Dip" Hammond and others, and thereby become a stude. His reform is gradual, but marked.

"Dago" Delano tells me that he has it straight from Margo, who's down on the Stanford Farm, that unless the "Tiger" gives Stanford more room and California less he's coming up here to "clean" me. I hope the "Tiger" won't be disturbed, for I'm sure they'll agree with me that California is about four times as important as Stanford anyway, and therefore deserves more room. All of which leads me to say that I was greatly disappointed when Bill Beattie, '10, donned the Cardinal, and my only consolation is that I am at California to uphold the glory of the name.

Best wishes of the U. C. crowd for a bully Christmas, and a successful spring term in every activity!

STANFORD.

Four of last year's graduating class at Lick registered at Stanford at the beginning of this semester. They were Marguerite Boyd, Bill Beattie, Al. Margo and Dan Rohrback. This seems a rather small representation, but it is the largest number that Lick has entered here at once in several years.

Al. Margo and Rohrback stepped into prominence during their first week here by assisting in the tubbing of a couple of sophomores in Encina Hall one night. The following day, however, they were duly repentant, and have promised to behave better in the future.

Margo has a pipe! He also has a pipe course! He takes the latter at Stanford, but the former he smokes in San Francisco. Once he overstepped the bounds of prudence and smoked it in the club room of Encina Hall. But never again! Now, even though he is in the city, he may be seen to scan the horizon in search of sophomores before taking his pipe out for a quiet smoke.

Miss Boyd did not get here in time to get her name on the directory this year, and as yet we have not been able to find out what she has as a major subject.

Bill Beattie is taking Graphic Art as a major subject. He seems to like it very much, and is especially pleased with some of the models in the art department.

Ernest Thompson, '07, is a prominent man in Stanford politics this year. He is a senior in law, and besides being head Yell Leader, is secretary of the Student Body and of the Executive Committee.

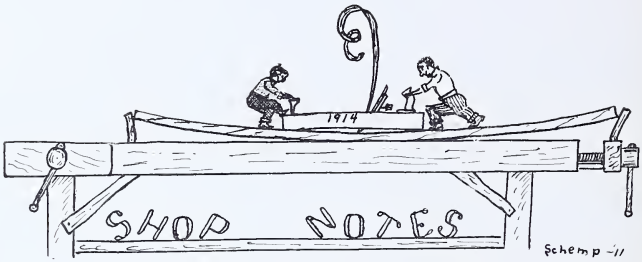
"Scotchy" Clyde is a junior here now. He is still quite a football man. Soccer seems to be his latest fad.

Harriet Park, '06, is now a graduate, and she has a position as an assistant in the art department here this year.

"Sue" Salbach and Cecil Simons, both '09, are here this year. They are sophomores, and that is about all that it is safe for a freshman to say about them.

Bob Ackerman, ex-'10, is down here taking a pre-legal course. He and Al. Margo have been the source of much comment on account of their diminutive size and tender years.

We saw some of the California men from Lick down here at the freshmen game. They came down expecting to serpentine the Stanford field, but they went back shaking hands with themselves because the referee was sympathetic enough to give them points enough to tie the score in the last minute of play.



Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you are all quite ready, we will start on our inspection of the technical departments of the school. This way, please. You all know of the fine work turned out by our students, and I know you will enjoy viewing the inner works of our great institution. Now this, ladies and gentlemen, is the

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT,

better known to the students at large as the abiding place of all peculiar smells, more or less odoriferous in character. No, madam, we do not turn out doctors from this department. The class, which fortunately is in session, is at present studying electrolysis. This is one of the most interesting subjects that is taken up under the head of elementary chemistry, and the sophomores are finishing some very profitable work in experimental lines.

Now, if the party will please step this way we will visit the inner laboratory, which is sacred to apprentices. The seniors have been doing some fine work on their analysis, and are keeping up their good work on soils. Their next undertaking will be a thorough study of fertilizers. No, sir, they do not expect to become farmers, although they will some day be the farmers' best friends in the matter of scientific agriculture. You do not realize, ladies and gentlemen, how much scientific methods are coming into use in farming, and from here will probably go some of the nation's greatest scientists. Yes, madam, this is H. Howeisner, of whom you have probably heard. He is a junior, sir, and is still engaged in drawing water for the seniors. No, ma'am, he is not an artist; he draws water in a cart, not on paper. He is working on qualitative analysis of solutions containing several unknown elements.

The students, ladies and gentlemen, are fortunate in having an instructor who knows that their work outside of school is as important as their prescribed study, and several days ago a party consisting of Miss Boulware, Miss Bell, Mr. Tibbetts, and Leigh, Alves, Allworth, Schuhmacher and Howeisner paid a very profitable visit to the U. S. Mint. They obtained a great deal of information on the practical side of the new electrolytic method of purification of gold.

Before we leave the department, ladies and gentlemen, I must describe to you the workings of the famous C. S. M. A. C. A. T. A., an organization which controls the entire chemical world. The officers are Grand Mogul "Jake" Leigh, Grand Scribe "Heine" Alves, Grand Mazuma-keeper "Pinky" Schuhmacher, and "Heine" Allsworth is kept ready to step into any office in case of accident. The membership is large, consisting of "Dutch" Howeisner, who is nearly six feet tall.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, let us go across the building to the

COOKING DEPARTMENT.

This way, please. Yes, this is the famous Lick Cooking Room, in which numerous excellent cooks peel potatoes and sometimes burn the crackers.

These girls are at present making a study of the preparation and serving of luncheon and supper. Soups, creamed dishes, rice and combinations of cheese are to be included. Oh, no, those girls are not sickly; they are only preparing English monkey.

Yes, indeed, the girls enjoy cooking. Why, they can eat everything they make, except the soup. Oh, our girls have plenty of endurance.

It's nearing the holiday season, and the girls are especially enthusiastic, for that is the sweetest part of the cooking course. No one is absent then, you may be sure, because they all have a chance to revel in walnut creams, taffy and other such stickiness.

They will also use the new set of dishes in the practical table setting, and serving of typical meals prepared by the class.

Now we will visit the

SEWING DEPARTMENT.

Yes, I know you've heard of this celebrated room before. Almost every one has. It's the most interesting one to the girls. Yes, those little girls are the freshmen. Some have grown considerably since they entered, though. They have finished their books of preparatory sewing and are now working cheerfully and proudly on white work for themselves. Yes, they use the machines. Some of them don't know much about them, but after practicing several weeks they learn to run them without greater mistakes than using basting thread for stitching shop aprons.

In this cabinet are the woolen dresses started by the sophomores. They hang them behind closed doors to keep them away from prying eyes. Many of the girls are braiding their dresses, and some may have the fashionable hobble. We hope to see this jolly set give us a dress parade when ready. Miss Kirkwood and Miss Louise Raber deserve special mention for their fine work.

The juniors are busy on the handwork required of them. Some laugh, sew and talk all at once, letting others get ahead, but all are anxious to finish in good time.

The seniors, five in number, have finished their model suits. "Venus" and "Minerva," as they have christened the models, have served their time, and are now resting patiently. Are our girls capable of making suits for themselves? Why certainly; they have already started them. They have also commenced on a flag, and when the suits are finished they will be busy sewing on stars and stripes.

Now if you will come with me across the garden, we will make a visit to the

MACHINE SHOP.

Look out for that oil can, madam. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the machine shop, one of the busiest and most interesting shops in the school. These boys, sir, are nearly all juniors, there being but five senior apprentices. You can nearly always tell the seniors, madam, by the amount of oil and dirt on their jumpers. The shop is having a busy year, gentlemen, and many of the usual exercises are being laid aside for the more practical work. Now here are Hohman, Shaw and Weyman all working on different minor parts for the two steam hoists which are being turned out. Over there, Woodhams is working on the arms of a balancing machine which is nearly completed. And now, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the "Big Five." Roberts, here, is assembling the various parts for the four by six steam hoist; over there, Storey, Costa and Garcia are turning out the parts. These seniors expect to have their hoist finished by Christmas. Chapman is busy at present on some surface plates, which will be used in the shops. In his spare moments he makes touchdowns. Yes, madam, a touchdown is a newly-invented drill press. Mr. Sunkel, who is the chief instructor in this department, has given the boys some lectures

on figuring gears for screw-cutting on the lathes, and the students are showing up well. And now, ladies and gentlemen, this is the pride of the machine shop, "Chief" Dixon. His steam pump is running in fine shape, and his engineers are making fewer bungles than usual; so, as a result he no longer makes the quaking engineer tremble with his terrible voice just because the fire went out. This way, ladies and gentlemen; look out you don't get splashed by the belt there. Up the stairs to the left, and we will make a call on the

MECHANICAL DRAWING DEPARTMENT.

Whew! That was a good climb, all right. This is the highest point, sir, in a Lick student's climb for fame, because it is on the top floor. There are some very famous characters in this department. You will meet them all personally in a short time, but let us first look over the work which is being done by this class. These are all sophomores, who are at present doing excellent work on their projections. The lines and curves which troubled them so much last year are now becoming easier to handle, and some very neat sheets are turned out. The freshmen are taking a vigorous course in lettering, which is much harder than it looks, and nothing improves a piece of good work more than good lettering.

The large number of junior apprentices which we see at work are showing up well. Here is "Spot" Traynor, who is working on plans for a high-speed transmission tower, and next to him are Meyerink and Ryan, who are working together on a steel tank of 15,000 gallons capacity. These three will probably end up in the bakery business, as they have a decided tendency for "loafs"! Speaking of bread, here is Pyper doing good work on a bread machine. He has just finished plans for a gas tank of 5,000 cubic feet capacity.

On that bench over there is "Al." Wetmore. He has finished all his figuring and will soon be at work on plans for a large steel chimney to be used in connection with the John Wieland Brewery (nothing personal). Christensen here, is just finishing a regular sheet of gears, and it is a neat piece of work.

Ah! Now, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the pride of the drawing department—the Senior Apprentices! Perhaps never again will you behold such an array of talent as you see before you now. Here is "Rah-rah" Hauser and Small working on their rock-crushing plant, which is rapidly approaching completion. "Cacky" Moore, over there in the corner, is finishing up a gas engine. This engine is designed for use with the centrifugal pump which "Brains" Lyons is drawing, and which "Baldy" Litchfield is showing him how to do. "Redney" Drew has made Diersen his "pardner," and both are working on constructions for a coaling station.

And now we reach the climax of this collection of artists. This is the one, great and only "Demon" Young. His able assistant, "Abe Comiskey" Moore, who will soon drive the last spike (lead, not gold) in the "Y. & M." railroad. Young has finished the figuring for the central post of the wrecking crane, and Moore is finishing up the drawings for the detail of the construction. In his spare moments, "Abe" makes his plans for the time when he will manage a big league team. And now, before we go, let us pay our respects to "Farmer" Vieth of Stockton and San Leandro. He is at present engaged in working up a logarithmic scale for spacing of hoops on wooden stove pipes.

I think, ladies and gentlemen, we have seen all there is to be seen here, and now, if you will follow me, we will pay a visit to the

PATTERN SHOP.

Be careful of that lathe belt, madam. This is a pretty noisy shop, but it gets over a great deal of ground. No, sir, it is not a branch of a kindergarten; these diminutive gentlemen are freshmen who are endeavoring to

lay a firm foundation (of wood) for their future technical education. For little fellows, the freshmen are hard workers, and the work is so interesting that the "scrubs" really enjoy it. The same can be said, of course, about the three upper classes (?). Nearly all of the freshmen have finished their lathe work, and quite a few of them are working on the odd parts of the big turbine, which we will look over later. Mr. McLeran, that distinguished-looking gentleman in that little office, is the instructor, and he holds many very interesting lectures every quarter. Some of these are on the subject of different kinds of wood, and a great deal of information can be obtained from them. You may not think so, madam, but these freshmen are already making furniture for their future homes, Mr. McLeran having given them four weeks in which to do this kind of work.

This shop, ladies and gentlemen, is not without its celebrities, and although they are not so numerous as in some of the other departments, still they are stars that shine brightly. This smiling apprentice on your right here is "B. Veteran" Nash. He is "some whale" when it comes to pattern-making, and has finished constructing the bearings for the big steam turbine. The different parts are on that bench over there, and each piece shows the good work of the apprentices. "S. Lanky" Woods has done considerable outside work, a crank case for an automobile and two eighteen-inch propeller blades being included in his jobs. He is now working on the turbine head. "Boss" Meyn is also doing considerable work on the turbine. The new joiner, which was installed some time ago, is giving entire satisfaction. Now if you will come down stairs we will visit the

FOUNDRY SHOP.

The operations gone through in making castings are very interesting, and we are especially fortunate today, ladies, in being able to witness a "pouring." The sophomores "pour" on an average of three times a quarter, and the weight they work off in the hot shop is stupendous. This class has already finished its exercises, and this pouring includes several sets of hoist castings. A large number of plumb-bobs for the University of California have been cast in brass, and will soon be turned down by the machinists. The next pouring will probably include some heavier work. The steam turbine which you saw upstairs in the pattern shop will be brought down as soon as it is complete, and then there will be a merry time, for Mr. Lacoste wants to turn out a job that will be like the steam hoists turned out last year. Now this way, please, and an inspection of the

FORGE SHOP

is next in order. This is the place where the little "sophs" first learn to recognize blisters. The second-year boys are progressing rapidly, having finished most of their exercises and are well along in the art of steel tempering. Cold chisels and lathe tools will take up much of their time for the next month. Mr. Mathis knows how to make the work interesting, and his little talks every now and then are enjoyed by the students. This department boasts of but two apprentices, who are both hard workers. The junior, Maynard, has been working hard on a crank-shaft for a gas engine. He is a steady worker and turns out many a clean-cut job. And now, ladies and gentlemen, as a fitting climax to our little journey through the shops we behold John Henry Westphal, a P. G. (?) in the College of Scientific Blacksmithing. He is at present employed in turning out the forgings for the three steam hoists in the machine shop. It is hard work, but you see for yourself how happy he looks.

* * * * * * * *

And so we have finished our trip. I sincerely hope, ladies and gentlemen, that you have enjoyed it. You see how we are all one great machine, and every student knows that he is an important cog in its mechanism. Come again. You are always welcome. A very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

FOOTBALL.

The Lick football team has won the A. A. L. championship game for the season of 1910. Alameda having forfeited the game with Hitchcock, Lick was substituted and won from the latter school by a score of 13 to 0.

Of the teams in the San Francisco sub-league, Lick was the strongest, winning from Cogswell by a score of 12 to 0 in a hard-fought game, after having played a tie game previously. Polytechnic forfeited its league games.

In the semi-finals, Hitchcock defeated Stockton, being on the long end of a 11 to 0 score, and Lick fell before Alameda to the tune of 11 to 0.

Lick played all its league games without the services of Captain Paul Wetmore, who had a broken arm. In the Alameda game Lick was minus Khart, and found his place a hard one to fill.

The individual players are criticised below by Coach Sid Holman.

Paul Wetmore (left tackle, 185 lbs.) was captain of the team and played excellent ball during the whole season up to the time his arm was broken. Paul and "Kitty" Stuhr were undoubtedly the strongest line men of the team. "Paul, we hated to lose you."

Booth Nash (left guard, 145 lbs.) was a light man for the position, but played a good, consistent game at all times. When a buck came through the center of the line, "Booze" was always to be found underneath the pile. "Keep piling them up, Nash."

Mervyn Cowen (left end, 158 lbs.) was a little slow, but he was such a sure man at catching forward passes and in getting the interference on the defense that it more than made up for his slowness. The team would have been at a loss to have known what to do without him. "Cowen, we appreciate your slowness."

Orin Hollingberry (left tackle, 161 lbs.) was certainly a fighter. He fought from the whistle which started the game, until the very end. "Si" was unfortunate in getting his hand broken. He played end during the practice season. "Hollingberry, we lost a good man when you were put out of the game."

Thane Clark (left tackle, 148 lbs.)—Clark, after having been out for the team for three years and working hard without ever having a chance in a league game, played for the first time in second Cogswell game, and made a remarkable showing. "Clark, we certainly appreciate your hard fighting for a place on the team for so long. You see, after all, 'Patience is a Virtue.' "

Lester Rankin (center, 160 lbs.)—At the beginning of the season Rankin was a little slow and lacked aggressiveness, but developed into one of the best defensive players we had and often tackled behind the line. His passing was perfect all season. "Fat, you're all right."

Fred Taggart (right guard, 154 lbs.) was a fairly heavy guard. The team could always count on Taggart to get his man. Often he was through the line in time to gather in a fumbled ball. "Keep your eyes peeled for fumbles, Fred, and although you might be at the bottom of the pile, you won't be at the foot of the ladder."

Alfred Stuhr (right tackle, 162 lbs.)—"Pussy" played as consistently as he did last year; but the grade of football he put up was very much better. For making tackles behind the line and recovering fumbles, there was not a better man on the team than Stuhr. When Lick kicked, "Kitty" often made the ends hurry to beat him to the man who caught the ball. "They couldn't kill you off, 'Kitty,' because 'a cat has nine lives.' "

Orrell Barker (right end, 136 lbs.)—There was not a man on the team that played a more consistent game than "Spud" Barker. In going down the field under kicks, he was fast, and also a sure tackler. On the defense, "Spud" could always be depended upon to break up all plays around his end, especially forward passes and end runs. "Barker, in future years find your man and 'nail' him as well as you have this season."

Glen Laughlin (left end, 143 lbs.) was the only freshman on the team. This was his first season at football, and if he keeps improving at the same rate he has been he will be one of the mainstays next year. While a little weak on the offense, he was a wonder on the defense. He broke up end runs with apparently no trouble, and as a tackler had no superior. "Remember, Laughlin, that 'practice makes perfect.' "

Al Wetmore (quarter-back, 145 lbs.)—Al was taken from full-back and told to play quarter. He had the brains for such a position, as well as the nerve. When the team was in a tight place, Al pulled them safely through without fail. After Paul Wetmore's injury, Al did the most of the punting, which was of a high class. "Al, we appreciate what you were up against, and sincerely hope that you will use as good headwork in the future as you did behind the line."

Arthur Wynne (left half, 132 lbs.)—As he was a light man, he was not counted on for much, but his speed made him a fast and wiry man to tackle. He showed good headwork during the whole year. In the backfield, Wynne was undoubtedly a valuable man. "Wynne, you are small, but were there when we needed you, and that's what counts."

Frederick Westphal (fullback, 154 lbs.)—"Windy" was heavy and slow for the back field, but nevertheless, was always sure to get his man. " 'Windy,' we couldn't have done without you."

Avery Khart (right half, 165 lbs.) was the best defensive player on the team. Kahrt played on the line last year, but found his natural position when he played at back. He rarely failed to make a gain when given the ball, either on a buck or an end run. He was a marvelous player, and

the team realized this more than ever after he was called home. "Speed, there may be others as good, but 'we're from Missouri.'"

John Neuhaus (right half, 150 lbs.) was a hard-hitting back. He had but one chance to show what he was good for, and he proved to be an excellent man, especially on the defense. "Johnny, we want to thank you for your persistency."

Edgar Rust (right half, 134 lbs.) played in remarkable form during the latter part of the season. He was a fine tackler and excellent punter, and when his chance came he made more than good. "We have a great deal of respect for your 'boot,' Rusty."

Frank Hous, George Henderson, Harrold Woods and Chapman hardly expected to play in a league game, yet they came out every night and practiced hard. Their hard fight for a place on the team is deserving of much credit. However, they were rewarded by being allowed to play in the Lick-Hitchcock game, and each did some fine playing.

George Hynemann, Wood Young and Henry Trevor were the only ones who did not get a chance to play in a league game, but they had the true Lick spirit in them, and came out and did their best.

The team averaged 150 lbs. to a man, and were stronger on the defense than on the offense. The team was splendidly managed by Lloyd Litchfield, who, by his accurate figuring and good management, carried the team through their high expenses.

Our Coach.

"Sid" Holman coached the football team for the second season, and the team he turned out was more successful than that of last year. Of the teams he has put on the field perhaps, the two most important characteristics are these: First, that they always played a clean game; second, that the team fought much harder in the second half than in the first, especially if the score was against them. These things characterize not only his team, but Sid himself. It is his own spirit of fight, football and fair play that he has put into the boys. With such a man as Holman at its head, the team could not be otherwise than hard, clean fighters. A coach has much to do with the kind of football his team will play; whether it is of the "win at all costs" variety, or whether it is to play square and let the best team win. Many coaches and teams believe, as we have seen, in the first method, but not Sid.

Of the students Lick has graduated, none of them have done as much for athletics in this school as Sidney Holman. For two seasons, he has spent much time, which he could easily have given to his business, in conditioning football teams for Lick without a monetary reward. As has often been said in this paper, Sid is Lick spirit personified. He deserves the highest praise that we can give.

The Tiger is sure every one appreciates Sid's work. This appreciation can be shown only by supporting the teams he turns out. If Holman should coach our American football team next year every student ought and will, we hope, be there to cheer them to victory.

Oh! There is one more way to show Sid our gratitude which I almost forgot (the truth is I have been keeping it for a climax), and that is, for all to join with The Tiger in wishing that the marriage of Miss Elmira Ethel Hunt and Sidney Holman will bring them all the happiness they have earned—and more. Our very best wishes, Sid!

Lick-Poly Game.

On Saturday, October 8, 1910, Lick defeated Poly by a score of 49 to 0. The game was very onesided, as the Poly team was but a shadow of the team which defeated us last year. Lick used the forward pass and trick plays for large gains.

The first score was made within three minutes of the kick-off. Kahrt bucked over the line, but fumbled. Wynne recovered, scoring a touchdown. The other touchdowns were made by Kahrt (two), Westphal, Wynne, Nash, Barker and Captain Paul Wetmore. Poly was also caught behind their line for a safety.

A feature of the game was the kicking of Al. Wetmore, who converted every goal. The whole Lick team played good ball.

First Lick-Cogswell Game.

The first Lick-Cogswell was not a brilliant football game, but abounded in good, gritty playing. A few hours before the game Captain Paul Wetmore had his arm broken while cranking an automobile. This not only greatly weakened the team, as he was our only big man, but it also took some of the fight out of the remaining players.

Before our disheartened team could get their bearings, Cogswell was on our four-yard line. Here they lost the ball on a fumble, Taggart recovering. Al. Wetmore then punted out of danger. The remainder of the first half was in Cogswell's favor. During the rest of the game, however, the ball was in Cogswell's territory all the time. The team regained their fighting spirit and rushed the Black and Green players off their feet, but could not shove the ball over the line. Lick tried a place kick from a difficult angle, which Al. Wetmore missed by about four inches. At the end of the game Lick was still fighting hard, while Cogswell seemed very tired.

Miller and Gilbert played star games for Cogswell, while Cowan and Kahrt, both on the offensive and defensive, did much to prevent them from scoring. Al. Wetmore's long, high punts saved our goal in the first half several times. "Si" Hollingberry, who was put in Captain Wetmore's place, had his hand broken the first quarter, but gamely played the whole game.

Second Cogswell Game.

The tie between Lick and Cogswell was played off on Saturday, November 5, and resulted in a victory for the Black and Gold. By playing good football and by hard fighting we scored two touchdowns, and Al. Wetmore kicked both goals.

Lick kicked off to Cogswell, who worked several good trick forward passes. Lick soon solved this play and out of ten tries Cogswell was successful in only four. While the first quarter was in Cogswell's favor, the second and third were all in Lick's favor. Our first score came in the second quarter. On a fake kick, Wynne carried the ball twenty-five yards to their ten-yard line. On two bucks, Wynne and Kahrt carried the ball to their two-yard line. From here Wetmore went through center for a touchdown. He also kicked the goal.

The second score was the result of a pretty piece of football. Trick plays and forward passes brought the ball to their five-yard line, and from here Barker went over, receiving a forward pass from Kahrt. Wetmore kicked a difficult goal.

In the last quarter Cogswell played a strong game, but our defense was good and Wetmore was punting in great form. In this quarter Cogswell tried a place kick, but it was blocked by Clark.

Gilbert and Miller again played star games for Cogswell, Miller's defense being especially fine. The Lick team played well, and showed the result of "Sid" Holman's coaching.

This game gave Lick the sub-league championship. From the spectators' standpoint, it was a far better game than the one previous. One noteworthy fact was that neither team used a substitute in either game.

Lick-Alameda.

On Saturday, November 12, our team went down to defeat before the big Alameda team by a score of 11 to 0, but though beaten, we were not disgraced. Our light team, greatly weakened by the loss of our three biggest men, fought gamely against overwhelming odds, and against play that was not too clean, and every player did his best. They are a good, clean bunch of hard fighters, and gave the best that was in them.

Alameda's first score came in the first quarter, and was the result of a fifty-yard run by Kiser from a fake formation. The second came as the result of a treacherous bounce of a punt, the ball bouncing back in the direction from which it came. An Alameda back, following up fast, caught it and ran over the line. The goal was kicked.

During the second half Lick played hard, and kept Alameda far from our goal, but could not make headway against Alameda's holding tactics. Rust went in in Wynne's place this half, and played a good game, getting in several long punts. In the last quarter Al Wetmore was injured and Wynne went in at quarter. "Spud" Barker was kicked in the head the first half and had to be carried from the field. Laughlin, a freshman, who went in to take his place, played a good game. It would be hard to pick out the one who played the best for us, as every one played the game for all they were worth. Kiser and Haskins played well for Alameda, and Mackie punted in great form, but outside of these players the feature of Alameda's game was the penalizing of their team by referee Reid.

Lick-Hitchcock.

Alameda, after having defeated Lick, refused to play Hitchcock for the championship on Thursday, November 24, 1910, because of a game with Fresno. The officials of the A. A. L. substituted Lick because of her well known sportsmanship and clean playing. As a result of this, Lick lined up against Hitchcock on Thanksgiving and won by a score of 13-0.

The game started by Lick kicking to Hitchcock, and after five minutes of play Lick had Hitchcock down to their twenty-yard line. Here Al Wetmore tried a place kick, but failed by a very small margin. On receiving the ball Lick did some very pretty playing. Artie Wynne made several big gains, bringing the ball to Hitchcock's twenty-yard line. Here Rust carried the ball twenty yards for a touchdown. Al Wetmore kicked the goal. Score 6-0.

Hitchcock kicked off, Rust ran the ball in thirty yards. The first quarter ended with a twenty-yard run by Rust.

The second quarter began with the ball in Lick's possession. The ball was forced through Hitchcock's line to their one-yard line. Here Hitchcock received the ball and kicked out of danger. The rest of this quarter was fought out in the center of the field with honors divided. Both teams played very hard but neither could score.

The third quarter Lick kicked off to Hitchcock, who now became determined to score. They carried the ball past the middle of the field, and the outlook appeared very bright for them. After much hard fighting Lick worked the ball down to Hitchcock's five-yard line and lost on downs. Hitchcock fumbled and Cowan recovered the ball ten yards from Hitchcock's goal. On the third down, Al Wetmore carried the ball over the line for a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal from a very difficult angle. Score 11-0.

The fourth quarter opened with some very good playing by Hitchcock. They made a number of long end runs but failed to score. They lost the ball on downs. Artie Wynne and Rust did some excellent playing and finally the ball was carried close to Hitchcock's goal. Nash blocked Hitchcock's kick and the ball was recovered behind the line and a safety was scored. The quarter ended after much gritty playing by both teams. Score 13-0.

The characteristic of this game was the clean, hard playing by both teams. For Hitchcock, Gill and Bates played a star game, while Wynne and Rust played excellent ball for Lick.

This gives Lick the championship of the A. A. L. for the season of 1910, and all agree that they deserve it. Every man played hard and clean throughout the entire season and as a result have been well rewarded.

FALL BASEBALL.

A number of men have signed up for fall practice, and are having daily batting and fielding practice under the watchful eyes of Manager "Bill" Moore. He intends to have several practice games so as to get a line on the material that he will have for next season. Those who signed up are: Boudshue, Story, Erickson, Drew, B. Nash, G. Nash, Lenzen, Klein, Jongeneel, Howiesner, Taggart, Maunder, Cormack, Teeman, Whitmore, Moore.

B. C. L. SWIMMING MEET.

Our team did not make a great many points in the meet, but Captain "Brownie" Halbert was quite pleased by the showing the relay team made. But for the unfortunate overswimming of Halbert by Gilbert in the last lap, we should have won.

Halbert swam two fine races and took third in both the 100 and 220. The only other man to place was Snook, who took second in the quarter. This fellow has shown steady improvement, and promises to be one of our best swimmers.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FIELD DAY.

On September 23 Lick again won the S. F. and earned the right to retain the Hearst trophy another six months. This is a perpetual challenge cup, but it looks as if it were a perpetual Lick cup. The new weight system proved a success here, as it has wherever it has been tried. Sydney Rosenthal, a 100-pound lad, and Russell Rogers, our crack sprinter, were each responsible for ten points. It was a very cold and windy day, and fast time was impossible. From the first heat in the fifty until the last lap in the relay it was all Lick. It reminded one of the days when some of our greatest athletes were helping win the S. F. by a large score.

The greatest surprise of the day was when a freshman, Woerner, running a "heady" race, captured the mile from his more experienced rivals. The time was not fast, but he gives promise of being a good miler. Another freshman captured third in the high jump. Good work, freshies; keep it up.

Rogers was in a class by himself in the 100 and 220, winning easily.

Maynard came third in the 100, and Smith fourth in the 220.

Lenzen had the quarter all to himself, winning easily against a high wind in 56 seconds. We did not get anything in the half, although Hall ran a good race. Flood of Wilmerding won by a pretty finish from a bunched field. Sammy Wallfisch captured the low hurdles, and Hohman annexed second in the high hurdles. Haffen, Dunshee and Rosenthal took firsts in the field events. The relay was a walkover for us, as Lowell did not have a team, and the others were outclassed.

The Championship A. A. L. Track Team.

Top Row—F. Dunshee, D. Smith, R. Rogers, P. Hohman.
Bottom Row—C. Haffen, W. Woerner, G. Henderson (Capt.), A. Maynard, E. Lenzen.

THE A. A. L. FIELD DAY.

For the first time since 1906, Lick won the A. A. L. We had a well-balanced team and scored in nearly every event. What makes our victory all the more noted was that the fellows had very poor training appliances. The track at Wilmerding is like a sidewalk, and the track at the park is as bad. Several of the fellows went out to the Presidio to train. Considering everything, we may well be proud of our victory.

As usual, Russell Rogers was our mainstay, taking the 100 and 220 with ease. He won his heat in the 220 in 23.2. The finals were slow owing to lack of competition. Al. Maynard surprised everyone by taking a close third in the 100, beating Thomas of San Jose.

In the 440, Lenzen simply played with his field on the back stretch, and won handily in 54.3. He could easily have made it a second faster.

Our freshman miler, Woerner, let the leaders get a big lead in the first lap, but he ran gamely and took a good third. Lack of experience was all that kept him from getting second, at least.

Another second that we had not counted on was captured by Dunshee in the pole vault, after a hard struggle with three up-country vaulters.

Hall ran well in the half, but did not have quite enough finish, getting fifth.

Hohman qualified for the finals in the high hurdles, and captured fourth place. He also secured fourth place in the shot-put.

Considering the men he was up against "Husky" Haffen did well to place. He won fourth out of a large entry.

We finished up the day by winning the relay. Wallfisch lost considerably by having some inexperienced runner cut across in front of him, but Lenzen immediately put us ahead, and we retained a good lead for the rest of the race.

We have won both the S. F. and A. A. L. this fall and we want to do the same in the spring, and also make a bid for the B. C. L. and Stanford, but to do this everyone must get out and train. We hope to have a new track by that time, and this will help a great deal.

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 14, 1910, Captain Henderson and Manager Smith conducted a most interesting track meet. It was our first interclass under the weight system, and as Block "L" men were barred, a large number of freshmen competed. This shows good spirit and speaks well for our team in the future. Two freshmen performed well in the unlimited class, Woerner winning the mile and Copeland the high jump. Rosenthal was the star of the 100-pound class, taking all three events, Leichsenring has the making of a splendid runner in him. He and Leigh divided the honors in the 120-pound class. The meet was closely contested between '11 and '12, the seniors finally winning by five points. The freshmen were third and the sophomores fourth.

The score: 1911, 56; 1912, 51; 1914, 35; 1913, 27.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL.

Our girls' basket ball team has progressed steadily. During the past few months they have played a number of interesting games, and although not always the victors in the end, they feel as though the games they played were not entirely lost.

Among the games they played were two with Lowell. The first one, played on our own court, September 15, was won by Lowell by a score of 22 to 15. The fact that our girls were over-confident was proven when they defeated Lowell in their second game on Lowell's court by 18 to 7. The forwards, Captain G. Herbert and Miss H. Felderman, threw some pretty goals. Miss M. Mitchell and Miss S. Felderman guarded well, keeping the ball away from the Lowell basket. With Miss F. Mathis as center, Miss C. Bachman and Miss V. Woodhams as side centers, our team as a whole proved themselves superior to the Lowell team. We are looking forward to a third match to prove which is really the best team.

On Saturday, November 19, 1910, the Lick girls played the S. R. H. S. Alumni team on our court, defeating them by a score of 30 to 17. Miss Mathies, at center, played exceptionally well.

Wednesday evening, November 23, 1910, our girls played the S. R. H. S. Alumni team at San Rafael. The main feature of the game was the splendid team work of the Lick girls. Miss H. Feldermann played an exceedingly fine game, shooting fourteen out of eighteen free goals. The final score was 28 to 3 in our favor.

The Lick team journeyed to Santa Cruz, and on the evening of November 25, 1910, defeated the S. C. H. S. team by a score of 30 to 10. Our team was royally entertained by the girls of that school.

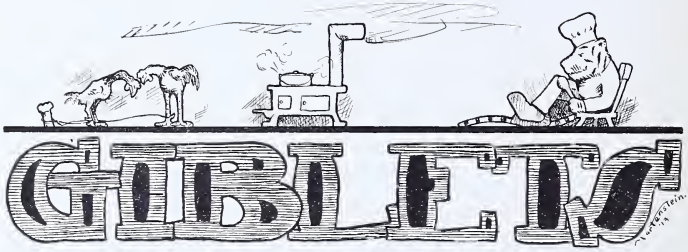
The splendid showing of the girls' basket ball is due mainly to the excellent coaching of Miss Ada Roos, '07.

TENNIS.

With the loss of our manager, Miss Juanita Brown, the school loses its best tennis player among the girls. We certainly thank her for her earnest and conscientious work in organizing tennis on a firm basis again in this school.

To take Miss Brown's place the Board of Control has elected Miss H. Bettoli as their future manager, who will try to carry out the plans in making tennis one of Lick's best athletics for the girls.

The tennis and basket-ball courts, combined with the girls' clubroom, are almost completed, and we hope before long to have possession of them as our own.



MERRY CHRISTMAS.

What it means to the family:

To Mother—A chance to give away that hideous vase that Aunt Jane gave us last year.

To Sister—I wonder what Jack will give me.

To Brother—I hope I get that check from dad.

To Aunt Jane—I must really give them something useful. I'll knit them all some bed-socks.

For Father—Bills! bills!! bills!!!

A TURKEY TALE.

Fat turk,
And an ax;
Big swing,
Something cracks.

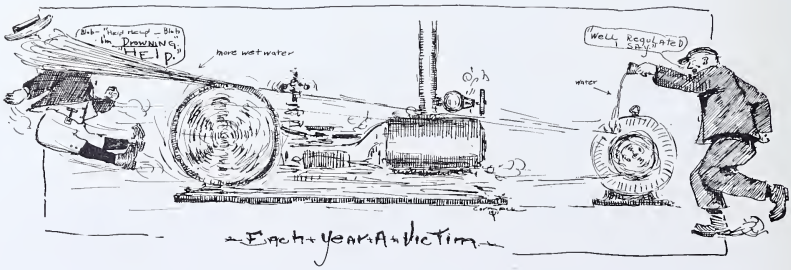
Head drops,
Turkey flops
On the ground
All around.

Big dinner,
Turkey there;
After dinner,
Turkey where?

BETTER THAN THE SUN METHOD.

Foster boards car and hands conductor a car ticket at a very late hour. The conductor pulling out his watch, says, "Say, old boy, I can't take this ticket; it's half-past five."

Foster, "Thanks, old man. I just wanted to know what time it was. Here's a nickel."



"WHAT DID HE MEAN?"

O. H. (walking into hall where a number of boys were helping decorate)—Is T. C. here yet?

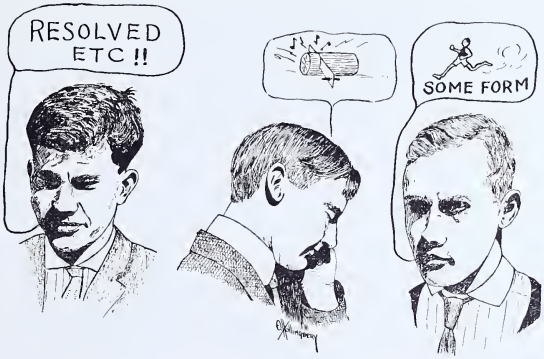
H. B.—No, he is over in the other building squeezing lemons.

O. H.—What girls are there?

JUST DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW HIM.

Scrub (to Soph.)—How do you do this Algebra?

Soph. (dignified)—How should I know; I took all that last year.



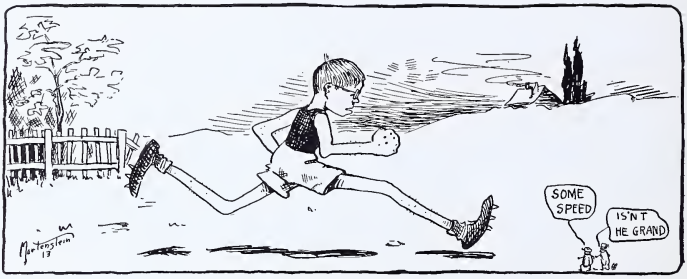
Yes, "Electra" was read to the (?) class.

OTHER REASONS.

Student (reading Physics IV)—Prof. Gailey isolated an atom.

Hirschler—How'd he know it, if he couldn't see it?

Mr. Plumb—Well, I isolated a skunk from under my house last summer.



Nix on (Nixon), the sprinter.

THE PROFIT SIDE OF BUSINESS.

Fuchs—Say, Bill Pappas, what's the matter with this water? It looks cloudy.

Bill—Leave that alone. That's milk.

AN INDETERMINATE QUESTION.

If a steamboat is 200 feet long and has a 30 H. P. engine, how old is the captain?

POINT OF VIEW.

Miss Wilkins—What is the topic of your description?

Miss Herbert—The hobble skirt.

Miss Wilkins—What's the prominent feature?

Modest Boy—The walk.

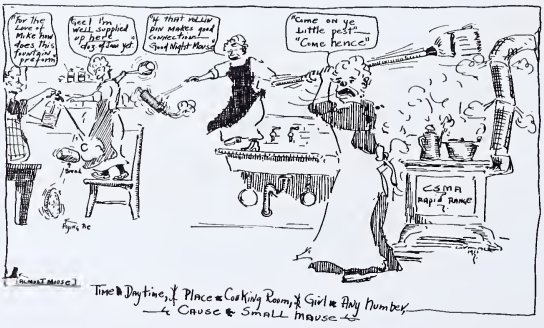
"WILL IT COME TO THIS?"

A graduate, Lick Cook—I have cooked for some of the best houses in the city.

Sufferer—Well, it might suit a house, but not a human stomach.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Mr. Plumb (Physics IV)—This experiment is different from any we've had—it works.



We're the Class

When it comes to New Kinks in Clothes for College Fellows.

Full Draped Coats
Full Back Coats
Full Peg Trousers

NEW BROWNS - - NEW GRAYS
NEW SCOTCHES

"OUR GREAT COAT," the Overcoat Sensation of the year.

Make our store your headquarters. Meet your friends here. Stationery and telephone at your service.

Get the Habit--
Shop With Us

Stratton's

136 GEARY ST.

WHITE BROTHERS
HARDWOODS
LARGEST STOCK
IN THE WEST
Moved to FIFTH and BRANNAN STREETS -- -- SAN FRANCISCO

NOT BECAUSE OF THE TRIP.

A. W.—I hate to come to San Francisco every morning.
T. L.—Why?
A. W.—Oh! it makes me cross.

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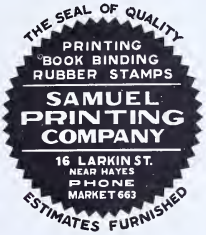
Miss Cary (to Holser standing)—Übersetzen Sie? (Translate).
Holser—Sits down.



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At Physics I'm there too;
My German teacher says of me,
I taught her all she knew.

But gee-whiz, gentle listener,
Have they ever jumped on you
And made you do some awful thing
You know not how to do?

O yes, indeed; I know some things,
But then, I never fake.
A scientific brain like mine,
Good rhymes can never make.

SENTIMENT OF THE FACULTY.

Fe! Fi! Fo! Fum!
I saw you a-chewing gum;
Be you mad or be you cool,
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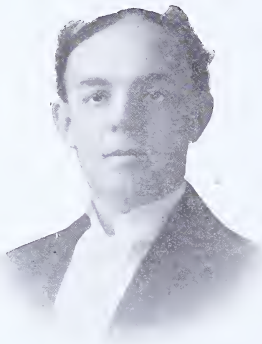

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Wynne—"Den."

Miss Otto—I thought you had a "dem" (dame).

Wynne—I have that too.

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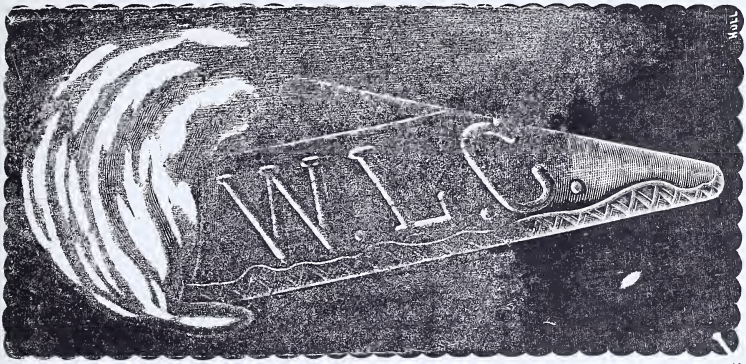

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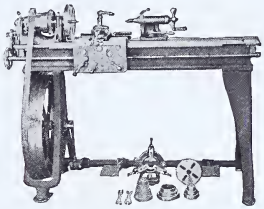

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